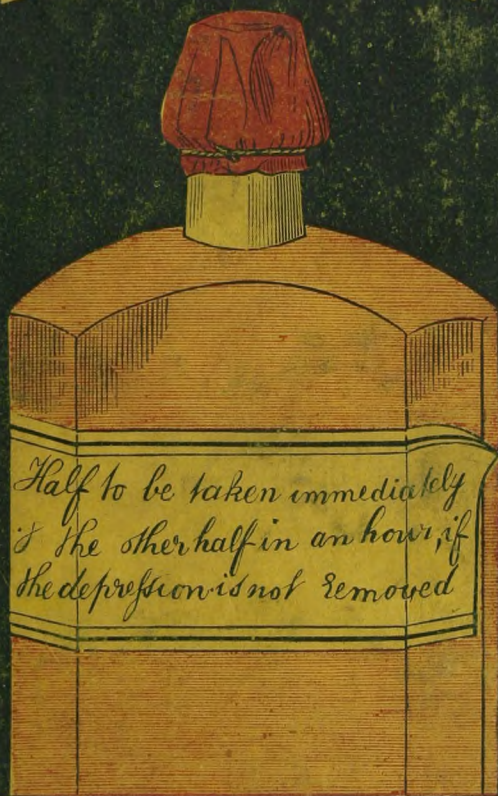


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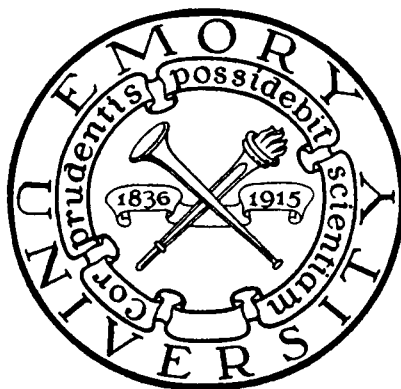
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CONTENTS.



	PAGE.
THE INTRODUCTORY COURSE	1
THE NEW MAN	4
OF HIS GRADUAL DEVELOPMENT	12
OF THE MANNER IN WHICH THE FIRST SEASON PASSES	22
OF HIS MATURITY, AND LATIN EXAMINATION	31
OF THE GRINDER AND HIS CLASS	43
OF VARIOUS OTHER DIVERTING MATTERS CONNECTED WITH GRINDING	62
OF THE EXAMINATION AT APOTHECARIES' HALL	71
HOW MR MUFF SPENT THE NIGHT AFTER HIS EXAMINATION.....	79
HOW MR. MUFF (L.A.C.) SPENT THE DAY AFTER HE PASSED	88
OF GRINDING FOR THE COLLEGE	110

THE PHYSIOLOGY OF THE LONDON MEDICAL STUDENT.



THE INTRODUCTORY COURSE.

WE are about to discuss a subject as critical and important to take up as the abdominal aorta ; for should we offend the class we are about to portray, there are fifteen hundred medical students, at the different hospitals in London, ripe and ready to avenge themselves upon our devoted cranium, which, although hardened throughout its ligneous formation by many blows, would not be proof against their united efforts. And we scarcely know how or where to begin. The instincts and different phases under which this interesting race appears are so numerous, that, far from complaining of the paucity of materials we have to work upon, we are overwhelmed by mental suggestions and rapidly-dissolving views of the

various classes from Guy's to the London University, from St. George's to the London Hospital, from St. Bartholomew to the Middlesex, perpetually crowding upon our brains (if we have any), and rendering our ideas as completely muddled as those of a "new man" who has, for the first week of October, attended every single lecture in the day, from the commencement of chemistry, at nine in the morning, to the close of surgery, at eight in the evening, and has attempted to decipher his notes on each lecture when he gets back to his lodging at night. Lecture! auspicious word! we have a beginning prompted by the mere sound. We will address you, medical students, according to the style you are most accustomed to.

Gentlemen,—Your attention is to be this morning directed to an important part of your course on physiology, which your various professors, at two o'clock on Saturday afternoon, will separately tell you is derived from two Greek words, so that we have no occasion to explain its meaning at present. Magendie, Müller, Mayo, Millengen, and various other M's, have written works upon physiology, affecting the human race generally; you are now requested to listen to the demonstration

of one species in particular—the Medical Student of London.

Lay aside your deeper studies, then, and turn for a while to our lighter sketches; forget the globules of the blood in the contemplation of red billiard-balls; supplant the *tunica arachnoidea* of the brain by a gossamer hat—the *rete mucosum* of the skin by a pea-jacket; the vital fluid by a pot of half-and-half. Call into play the flexor muscles of your arms with boxing-gloves and single-sticks; examine the secreting glands in the shape of kidneys and sweetbreads; demonstrate other theories connected with the human economy in an equally analogous and pleasant manner; lay aside your crib Celsus and Steggall's Manual for our own more enticing pages, and find your various habits therein reflected upon paper, with a truth to nature only exceeded by the artificial man of the same material in the Museum of King's College. Assume for a time all this joyousness. We ourselves have entered as a pupil at a medical school (we are not at liberty to say which), on purpose to note your propensities, and we request you for a short period to look upon us as one of your own lot. We will commence our course, then, at once, and our first lecture shall be on The New Man.

THE NEW MAN.

EMBRYOLOGY precedes the treatise on the perfect animal; it is but right, therefore, that the new man should have our attention before the mature student.

No sooner do the geese become asphyxiated by torsion of their cervical *vertebræ*, in anticipation of Michaelmas Day; no sooner do the pheasants feel premonitory warnings that some chemical combinations between charcoal, nitre, and sulphur are about to take place, ending in a precipitation of lead; no sooner do the columns of newspapers teem with advertisements of the ensuing courses at the various schools, each one cheaper, and offering more advantages than any of the others; the large hospitals vaunting their extended field of practice, and the small ones insuring a more minute and careful investigation of disease,—than the new man purchases a large trunk and a hat-box, buys a second-hand copy of Quain's Anatomy, and a pocket dissecting-case, which he has had his eye on for some months in the window of a neighbouring pawnbroker,

abjures the dispensing of his master's surgery in the country, and placing himself in a rattling uncomfortable second-class carriage, with a parcel of home-made sandwiches, a six-ounce mixture bottle of sherry, and some of the latest numbers of the medical journals, starts for London, and enters on the career of a hospital pupil in his first season.

The opening lecture introduces the new man to his companions, and he is easily distinguished at that annual gathering of pupils, practitioners, professors, and especially old hospital governors, who do a good deal in the gaiter-line, and even condescend to blue coats and bright buttons, and applaud the lecturer with their umbrellas as they sit in the front row. The new man is known by his clothes, which incline to the prevalent fashion of the rural districts he has quitted; and he evinces an affection for cloth boots, or short Wellingtons with double soles, and toes shaped like a toad's mouth, a propensity which sometimes continues throughout the career of his pupilage. He likewise calls every one "sir," is deeply grateful to any student who will take the trouble to point out any rules of the hospital to him, takes off his hat when he enters the dissecting-room, and thinks that beautiful design is shown in the

mechanism and structure of the human body—an idea which gets knocked out of him at the end of the season, when he looks upon the distribution of the nerves as “a blessed bore to get up, and no use to him after he has passed.” But at first he perpetually carries a Dublin dissector under his arm, and the small case of instruments in his pocket; and whether he is engaged upon a subject or no, delights to keep on his black apron, pockets, and sleeves (like a barber dipped in a blacking-bottle), the making of which his sisters have probably superintended in the country, and which he thinks endows him with an air of industry and importance, but which never assumes a true professional appearance until it has been used by a hard-hearted student to wipe down the dirty slops on the counter of the laboratory.

The new man, at first, is not a great advocate for beer; but this dislike may possibly arise from the fear he has of the stout getting into his head, and thereby incapacitating him from following the lecturer with a clear brain, or from his having been compelled to stand two pots upon the occasion of his first dissection. After a time, however, he gives way to the indulgence, having received the solemn assurances of his companions that it is

absolutely necessary to preserve his health, and keep him from getting the collywobbles in his pandenoodles — a description of which obstinate disease he is told may be found in “Dr. Copland’s Medical Dictionary,” and “Gregory’s Practice of Physic ;” but as to under what head, the informant is uncertain.

The first purchase that a new man makes in London is a gigantic note-book, a dozen steel pens on a card, a screw inkstand, and a student’s writing-case. Furnished with these valuable adjuncts to study, he puts down everything he hears during the day, both in the theatre of the school and the wards of the hospital, besides many diverting diagrams and anecdotes which his fellow-students insert for him, until at night he has a confused dream that the air-pump in the laboratory is giving a party on the coming of age of the galvanic battery, at which various scalpels, bits of gums, wax models, tourniquets, and foetal skulls, are assisting as guests—an eccentric and philosophical vision, worthy of the brain from which it emanates. But the new man is, from his very nature, a visionary. His breast swells with pride at the introductory lecture, when he hears the professor descant upon the noble science he and his

companions have embarked upon ; the rich reward of watching the gradual progress of a suffering fellow-creature to convalescence, and the insignificance of wordly gain compared with the pure treasures of pathological knowledge ; whilst to the riper student all this resolves itself into the truth, that three draughts, or one mixture, are respectively worth four-and-sixpence or three shillings ; that the patient should be encouraged to take them as long as possible ; and that the thrilling delight of ushering another mortal into existence, after being up all night, and refreshing oneself with weak tea continually, is considerably increased by the receipt of the tin for superintending the performance ; *i. e.*, if you are lucky enough to get it, and do not have to take it out in boots for the children, or having the house painted at a time that you do not require it.

It is not improbable that, after a short period, the new man will write a letter home. He, of course, posted his parents a penny newspaper the night of his arrival, to show that he had reached London safely. The substance of it will be as follows, and the reader is requested to preserve a copy, as it may, perhaps, be compared with another at a future period :—

“MY DEAR PARENTS,—I am happy to inform you that my health is at present uninjured by the atmosphere of the hospital, and that I find I am making daily progress in my studies. I have taken a lodging at No.32 (Gower Place, University Street, Sloane Street, or Lant Street, as the case may be), for which I pay twelve shillings a week, including shoes. By this I mean the cleaning of shoes, and I have my breakfast and tea cooked by the kitchen fire. I dine at a very respectable eating-house near the hospital. The mistress of the house is a pious old lady, and I am very comfortable, with the exception that two pupils live on the floor above me, who are continually giving harmonic parties to their friends, and I am sometimes compelled to request they will allow me to conclude transcribing my lecture notes in tranquillity—a request, I am sorry to say, not often complied with. The smoke from their pipes fills the whole house, and the other night they knocked me up two hours after I had retired to rest, for the loan of the jug of cold water from my washhand-stand, to make grog with, and a ‘Little Warbler,’ if I had one, with the words of ‘Sally, come up’ in it. One of them at the same time said that I had better not go to bed (it was then past two), as he was about

to practise his plantation-dance up-stairs, and that the ceiling might come down, as it did in his last lodgings a few days since.

“Independently of these annoyances, I get on pretty well, and have already attracted the notice of my professors, who return my salutation very condescendingly, and tell me to look upon them rather as friends than teachers. The students here, generally speaking, are a dissipated and irreligious set of young men ; and I can assure you I am often compelled to listen to language that quite makes my ears tingle. To give you some notion of it, it is nearly as bad as that of the bargemen on our canal when they fall out with each other.

“I have found a very decent washerwoman, who mends for me as well ; but, unfortunately, she washes for the house, and the initials of one of the students above me are the same as mine, so that I find our things are gradually changing hands, in which I have the worst, because his shirts and socks are somewhat dilapidated, or, to speak professionally, their fibrous texture abounds in organic lesions ; and the worst is, he never finds out the error until the end of the week, when he sends my things back, with his compliments, and thinks the washerwoman has made a mistake.

“I have not been to the theatres yet, nor do I feel the least wish to enter into any of the frivolities of the great metropolis. There are a great many temptations here for young men, but I shall avoid them all. I have had several invitations to go to a place called ‘Evans’s,’ but I hear but little good of it; one of the men above me, who visits this place two or three times a week, by way of enticing me there, says our professor of anatomy was present on Saturday night; he might though have looked in professionally. With kind regards to all at home, believe me,

“Yours affectionately,

“JOSEPH MUFF.”

“P.S. If you think of sending me a parcel, as you said you would, before I left home, let it be addressed to my lodgings, as the day before yesterday a man from Chorley-super-Stour had a hamper, and, not being at the hospital when it arrived, some evil-disposed students took the contents out, ate them, and filled the hamper up with two old pipkins, a bandbox full of saw-dust, and some human bones.

“N.B.—There is another point that I may as well mention here: I should like, in future, all

my letters directed 'Joseph Muff, Esq. ;' all the other men are addressed so, and they say it's only the hospital porter that is called 'Mr.' "

OF HIS GRADUAL DEVELOPMENT.

For the first two months of the first winter session, the fingers of the new man are nothing but ink-stains and industry. He has duly chronicled every word that has fallen from the lips of every professor in his leviathan note-book ; he has taught himself a kind of short hand, by which he can take these notes in a condensed form ; and so excellently well has this plan answered, that he finds himself perfectly unable to read them when he gets to his lodgings at night ; his desk teems with reports of all the hospital cases, from the burnt housemaid, all cotton-wool and white lead, who set herself on fire reading penny romances in bed, on one side of the hospital, to the tipsy glazier, who bundled off his perch, and spiked himself upon the area-rails, on the other. He has cut out from all the cheap newspapers the reports of all the coroners' inquests, to assist him, as he says, should he ever fill the honourable

position of coroner in his own county. He becomes a walking chronicle of pathological statistics, and after he has passed six weeks in the wards, imagines himself an embryo Hunter.

To keep up his character, a new man ought perpetually to carry a stethoscope—a curious instrument, something like a sixpenny toy-trumpet with its top knocked off, and used for the purpose of hearing what people are thinking about, or something of the kind. In the endeavour to acquire a perfect knowledge of its use he is indefatigable. He suffered at first a great deal from the strange, unnatural noises that his fellow-students made in their chests while they were allowing him to sound their lungs. There is scarcely a patient but he knows the exact state of their thoracic viscera, and he talks of enlarged semilunar valves and thickened ventricles with an air of alarming confidence. And yet we rather doubt his skill upon this point; we never perceived anything more than a sound and a jog, something similar to what you hear in the cabin of a penny steamboat, and especially mistrusted the “metallic tinkling,” and the noise resembling a blacksmith’s bellows blowing into an empty quart-pot, which is called the *bruit de soufflet*.

Take our word, when medicine arrives at such a pitch that the secrets of the human heart can be probed, it need not go any further, and will have the power of doing mischief enough.

The new man does not enter much into society. He sometimes asks a few other juniors to his lodgings, and provides tea, muffins, and shrimps, with occasional cold saveloys for their refection, and it is possible he may add some home-made wine to the banquet. Their conversation is exceedingly professional ; and should they get slightly jocose, they retail anatomical paradoxes, technical puns, and legendary " catch questions," which from time immemorial have been the delight of all new men in general, and country ones in particular ; and they have been known to have amused themselves by drawing the divisions of the fifth pair of nerves with a piece of chalk on the table, indicating the neighbouring arteries with sealing-wax marks.

But diligent and industrious as the new man may be, he is mortal after all, and being mortal, is not proof against temptation—at least, after five or six weeks of his pupilage have passed, when he is beginning to feel that constant reading every night with no relaxation is certainly

telling on his health. The good St. Anthony resisted all the endeavours of the Evil One to lure him from the proper path, until the gentleman of the discoloured *cutis vera* assumed the shape of a woman. The new man firmly withstands all inducements to irregularity, and on two or three different occasions refuses to go to the Casino ; but, at last, his first temptation appears in the form of Evans's — the convivial Rubicon which it is absolutely necessary for him to pass before he can enrol himself as a member of the quiet, hard-working, modest fraternity of the medical students of our London hospitals.

Facilis descensus Averni.—The steps that lead from the Covent Garden colonnade to Evans's, we all know, are easy of descent, although the return is sometimes attended with slight difficulty. Not that we wish to compare our favourite resort in question to the “Avernus” of the Latin poet ; oh, no ! If Æneas had met with roast potatoes and stout during his celebrated voyage across the Styx to the infernal regions, and listened to songs and glees in place of the multitude of condemned souls, “horrendum stridens,” we wager that he would have been in no very great hurry to return. But we have arrived at an

important point in our physiology — the first launch of the new man into the ocean of his London life, and we pause upon its shore. He has but definite ideas of three public establishments at all intimately connected with his professional career — the Hall, the College, and Evans's. There are but three individuals to whom he looks with feelings of deference—Mr. Randall, of the Apothecaries' Hall ; Mr. Trimmer, of the College of Surgeons, Lincoln's-Inn Fields ; and Mr. Green, of Evans's Hotel. These are the impersonation of the Fates—the arbitrators of his destinies.

As it is customary that an attendance in the theatre of lectures should precede the student's determination to "have a shy at the College," or "go up to the Hall," so is it usual for a visit to one of the theatres to be paid before going to Evans's, in Covent Garden. The new man has been beguiled into the excursion by the exciting narratives of his companions, and beginning to feel that he is behind the other "chaps" (a new man's term) in knowledge of the world, he yields to the attraction held out ; not because he at first thinks it will give him pleasure so to do, but that it will be something to talk about and astonish

his friends when he gets back into the country after the session is over, and it will put him on a level with those who have been, on the same principle as people not knowing the "College Hornpipe" from "God save the Queen" go regularly to the Opera, and our rambling compatriots go to Switzerland and the Rhine. His mentor is ready in the shape of a third-season man, and under his protecting influence he sallies forth.

The theatres have concluded; every carriage, Hansom, and four-wheeler in their vicinity is in motion; venders of trotters and ham-sandwiches are in full cry; the bars of the proximate retail establishments are crowded with thirsty gods; ruddy chops and steaks are temptingly displayed in the windows of the supper-houses, and the turnips and carrots in the freshly-arrived full-packed carts appear astonished at the sudden confusion by which they are surrounded. Amidst this turmoil the new man and his friends, threading their way through the crowd of the vegetable-waggons arriving for to-morrow's market, which almost obscure the entrance of the welcome tavern, and prevent the Hansom cabs from dashing up to the door as Hansom cab-drivers are wont to do, arrive beneath the beacon which illumines the entrance

of the tavern. He descends the stairs in an agony of anticipation, and passing through two swing-doors, arrives at the large room. A song has just concluded, and he enters triumphantly amidst the thunder of applause, the jingling of glasses, the imperious vociferations of fresh orders, and an atmosphere of smoke that pervades the whole apartment, like dense clouds of incense burning at the altar of the genius of Conviviality. As he passes up the room, he is pointed out on the left a certain number of small tables, somewhat out of the confusion of the large hall, where those literary and artistic gentlemen who are in the habit of taking their gin-slugs there of an evening congregate after their club dinners.

The new man is at first so bewildered, that it would take but little extra excitement to render him perfectly unconscious as to the probability of his standing upon his *occipito-frontalis* or *plantar fascia*. But as he collects his ideas, he contrives to muster sufficient presence of mind to order a Welsh rabbit, and in the interim of its arrival earnestly contemplates the scene around him. There is the room which, in after life, so vividly recurs to him, with its bygone *souvenirs* of mirth, when he is sitting up all night at a bad

case in the mud cottage of a pauper union. There are its painted and gilded walls, and its pillars, its lamps and ground-glass shades, within which the gas jumps and flares so fitfully, its thousands of small gas-jets around the cornice, its looking-glasses, that reflect the room and its occupants from one to the other in an interminable vista, and its wonderful and very interesting gallery of theatrical portraits of every actor that ever lived, in every character he ever played. There also is Mr. Green, bending courteously over the backs of the visitors' chairs, and hoping everybody has got everything to his satisfaction, or bestowing an occasional subdued acknowledgment, and a pinch of that excellent snuff from his well-known black box, to an *habitué* who chances to enter; and the waiters bustling up and down with all sorts of tempting comestibles; and the gentleman in the Chesterfield wrapper smoking a cigar at the side of the room, while he leans back and contemplates the ceiling, as if his whole soul was concentrated in its smoke-discoloured mouldings; and the professional gentleman, who sits in front of the stage at the end of the room, and who is holding a *sub voce* conversation on some alteration in the programme

with the pianist who has just come from between the large curtains at the back of the platform.

The new man is in ecstasies ; he beholds the realization of the Arabian nights ; and when the large curtains separate, and the little boys come out, followed by the grown-up singers, and the harmony commences again, he is fairly entranced. At first, he is fearful of adding the efforts of his laryngeal "little muscles with the long names" to swell the chorus ; but, after the second glass of stout and a "go of whisky," he becomes emboldened ; and when the gentleman with the bass voice sings about the monks of old, what a jovial race they were, our friend trolls out how "They laughed, ha, ha !" so lustily, that he gets quite red in the face from obstructed jugulars, and applauds, when it has concluded, until everything upon the table performs a curious ballet-dance, which is only terminated by the descent of the cruets upon the floor, which gives rise to a very angry discussion with the waiter.

The precise hour at which the new man arrives at home, after this eventful evening, has never been correctly ascertained ; having a latch-key, he is the only person that could give any authentic information upon this point ; but, unfor-

tunately, he never knows himself. Some few things, however, are universally allowed, namely that in extreme cases he is found asleep on the rug at the foot of the stairs next morning, with the rushlight that was left in the passage burnt quite away, and all the solder of the candlestick melted into little globules. More frequently he knocks up the people of the neighbouring house, under the impression that it is his own, but that a new keyhole has been fitted to the door in his absence; in another and a happier stage for his neighbours, he spends the rest of the night reclining on the door-step, from whence he is disturbed by the milkwoman in the morning; and, in the mildest forms of the disease, he drinks up all the water in his bedroom during the night, and has a propensity for retiring to rest in his great coat and lace-up boots, from the great difficulty he finds in undoing the knots. The first lecture the next morning fails to attract him; he eats no breakfast, and the servant at his lodgings takes his breakfast things down just as she brought them up, nothing having been touched. When he enters the dissecting-room about one o'clock, his fellow-students administer to him a pint of ale, warmed by the simple process of stirring it with

a hot poker, with some Cayenne pepper thrown into it, which he is assured will set to rights the irritable mucous lining of his stomach. The effect of this remedy is to send him into a sound sleep during the whole of the two o'clock anatomical lecture ; and, awakened at its close by the applause of the students, he thinks he is still at Evans's, and cries out "Encore !"

OF THE MANNER IN WHICH THE FIRST SEASON PASSES.

FROM the period of our last chapter our friend commences to adopt the attributes of the mature student. He has altered the cut of his clothes, and now deals with a London tailor. His notes are taken as before at each lecture he attends, but the lectures are fewer, and the notes are never fairly transcribed ; at the same time they are interspersed with a larger proportion of portraits of the lecturer, with an occasional new riddle, sometimes even the copy of a comic song, and other humorous conceits. He proposes at lunch-time every day that he and his companions

should "go the odd man for a pot;" and when the hour of two arrives, and the bread and cheese is still on the table, he suggests that it looks more aristocratic to go in to the anatomical lecture when it is half over,—and the determination he had formed at his entry to the school, of working the last session for all the prizes, and going up to the Hall on the Thursday and the College on the Friday without grinding, appears somewhat difficult of being carried into execution.

It is at this point of his studies that the student commences a steady course of imaginary dissection: that is to say, he keeps a chimerical account of extremities whose minute structure he has deeply investigated (in his head), and received in return various sums of money from home for the avowed purpose of paying for them. If he really has put his name down for any heads and necks or pelvic viscera at the commencement of the season, when he had imbibed and cherished some lunatic idea "that dissection was the sheet-anchor of safety at the College," he becomes a trafficker in human flesh, and disposes of them as quickly as he can to any hardworking man who has his examination in perspective; generally if the weather is warm he is willing to take

under cost price for them, or to make an arrangement with two students to dissect one extremity at the same time, each paying his share per scalpel, in the same way that a man in the country, having more shooting than he requires, advertises for two other sportsmen to join him, in his sport, at per gun.

He now assumes a more independent air, and even ventures to chalk odd figures on the black board in the theatre, especially if there is any Professor attached to the Hospital who has some prominent feature that he may be immediately recognised by. He has been known, previously to the lecture, to let down the skeleton that hangs by a balance weight from the ceiling, and inserting its thumb in the cavity of its nose, has there secured it with a piece of thread, and then, placing a short pipe in its jaws, has pulled it up again. His inventive faculties are likewise shown by various diverting objects and allusions cut with his knife upon the ledge before him in the lecture-room, whereon the new men rest their note-books and the old ones go to sleep.

In vain do the directors of the school order the ledge to be coated with paint and sand mixed together—nothing is proof against his knife;

once even they went so far as to make them all of iron and paint them, but then the student invented a kind of engraving process, by very ingeniously scraping off the colour with an old nail—were it adamant he would cut his name upon it. His favourite position at lecture is now the extremity of the bench, where its horse-shoe form places him rather out of the range of the lecturer's vision; and, ten to one, it is here that he has cut a cribbage-board on the seat, at which he and his neighbour play during the lecture on Surgery, concealing their game from common eyes by spreading a waterproof cape on the desk before them. His conversation also gradually changes its tone, and instead of mildly inquiring of the porter, on his entering the school of a morning, what is for the day's anatomical demonstration, he talks of "the regular lark he had last night at Cremorne, and how jolly screwed he got!"—a frank admission, which bespeaks the candour of disposition.

Careful statistics show us that it is about the end of November the new man first makes the acquaintance of his uncle; and observant people have remarked, as worthy of insertion in the Medical Almanack amongst the usual phenomena

of the calendar—"About this time dissecting cases and tooth-instruments appear in the windows, and we may look for watches towards the beginning of December." Although this is his first transaction on his own account, yet his property has before ascended the spout, when some unprincipled student, at the beginning of the season, picked his pocket of a big silver lancet-case, which he had brought up with him from the country; formerly the property of his father, who had received it as a small token of esteem from a few of the respectable inhabitants of the village, for having promptly bled the parish clerk when he had had a fit from over-drinking,—and having pledged it at the nearest money-lender's, sent him the duplicate in a polite note, and spent the money with some other dishonest young men in drinking their victim's health in his absence. And, by the way, it is a general rule that most new men delight to carry big lancet-cases, although they have about as much use for them as a lecturer upon practice of physic has for top boots.

Thus gradually approaching step by step towards the perfection of his state, the new man's first winter session passes; and it is not unlikely that, at the close of the course, he may enter to

compete for the anatomical prize, which he sometimes gets by stealth, either cribbing his answers from a tiny manual of knowledge, two inches by one-and-a-half in size, which he hides under his blotting-paper, or so arranging his inkstand that he is enabled to look over the hard working man's copy, every time he takes a dip of ink, and reading all he can upside down. This triumph achieved, he devotes the short period which intervenes before the commencement of the summer botanical course to various hilarious pastimes; and as the watch and dissecting-case are all gone, he writes the following despatch to his governor:—

LETTER No. II.—(*Copy.*)

“MY DEAR FATHER,—You will, I am sure, be delighted to learn that I have gained the twenty-ninth honorary certificate for proficiency in anatomy, which you will allow is a very high number when I tell you that only thirty are given; and I most certainly should have gained the second prize for surgery, had not my dissections taken up all my time. I have also the satisfaction of informing you that the various professors have given me certificates of having attended their lectures *very diligently* during the past courses,

and that two of them have asked me to their private dwellings to tea and the microscope.

“I work very hard, but I need not inform you that, with all my economy, I am at some expense for good books and instruments. I have purchased ‘Liston’s Surgery,’ Anthony Thompson’s ‘Materia Medica,’ Burns and Merriman’s ‘Midwifery,’ Towne’s ‘Chemistry,’ Astley Cooper’s ‘Dislocations,’ Erasmus Wilson’s ‘Skin Diseases,’ and Quain’s ‘Anatomy,’ all of which I have read carefully through twice. I also pay a private demonstrator to go over the bones with me of a night; and I have bought a skeleton at Alexander’s—a great bargain, as his joints are a little rusty. This, when I ‘pass,’ I think of presenting to the museum of the hospital, as I am under great obligations to the surgeons. I think a ten-pound note will clear my expenses, although I wish to enter to a summer course of dissections, and take some lessons in practical chemistry in the laboratories with Professor Pepper, but these I will endeavour to pay for out of my own pocket. With my best regards to all at home, believe me,

“Your affectionate Son,

“JOSEPH MUFF.”

“ P. S.—I saw a cab-horse yesterday that put me so in mind of your old Tommy.”

As soon as the summer course begins, the Botanical Lectures commence with it, and the polite Company of Apothecaries courteously request the student's acceptance of a ticket of admission to the lectures, at their garden at Chelsea. As these commence somewhere about eight in the morning, and as the first omnibuses and steam-boats don't arrive until the lecture is over, of course he must get up in the middle of the night to be there; and consequently he attends very often. But the botanical excursions that take place every Saturday from his own school are his especial delight. He buys a quire of blotting-paper to dry his specimens in when he gets home, a candle-box to contain all the chickweed, chamomiles, and dandelions he may collect, and, slinging it over his shoulder with his pocket-handkerchief, he starts off in company with the Professor and his fellow-herbalists to Wandsworth and Wimbledon Commons, Hampstead Heath, Highgate Hill, or any other favourite spot which the Cockney Flora embellishes with her offspring.

The conduct of medical students on botanical

excursions generally appears in various phases. Some real lovers of the study, pale men in spectacles, who wear worsted socks and thick boots, have a waterproof cape strapped up with the tin box, and can walk for ever, collect every weed they drop upon, to which they assign a most extraordinary name, and display it at their lodgings upon cartridge-paper, with penny-pieces to keep the leaves in their places as they dry, which they prefer to the blotting-paper process, while others throw the specimens all into the empty grate at their lodgings, or into the gutter at the back of the house, when they get back.

Others limit their collections to stinging-nettles, which they slyly insert into their companions' pockets, or pass up the legs of their trousers when they are lying on the grass, or long bul-rushes, and plaited tails of rushes, which they tuck under the collars of their coats; and the remainder turn into the first house of public entertainment they arrive at on emerging from the smoke of London to the rural districts, and remain all day absorbed in the mysteries of ground-billiards and knock-'em-downs, their principal vegetable studies being confined to lettuces, spring-onions, and water-cresses. But all

this is very proper — we mean the botanical part of the story,—for the knowledge of the natural class and order of a buttercup must be of as great a service to a practitioner in after-life in treating a case of typhus fever, as it is for him to remember the number of petals of the meadow-saffron at the moment he is trying to tie the radial artery of a butcher, who has chopped his wrist trimming up a rib of beef. At some of the continental hospitals, the pupil's time is wasted at the bedside of the patient, from which he can only get practical information. How much better is the primrose-investigating *curriculum* of study observed at our own medical schools!

OF HIS MATURITY, AND LATIN EXAMINATION.

THE second season arrives, and our pupil becomes “a medical student” in the fullest sense of the word. When the day comes for him to leave his house and start for London to be present at the opening lecture, he has made no preparations for his departure, and he says he is not particular whether he goes that day or that day week, and this

causes some uneasiness to his parents. He has an indistinct recollection that there are such things as wards in the hospital as well as in a key or the city, and a vague wandering, like the morning's impression of the dreams of the preceding night, that in the remote dark ages of his career he took some notes upon the various lectures, the which have long since been converted into pipe-lights or small darts, which, twisted up and propelled from between the forefingers of each hand, fly with unerring aim across the theatre at the lecturer's head, the slumbering student, or any other object worth aiming at—an amusing way of beguiling the hour's lecture, and only excelled by the sport produced, if he has the good luck to sit in a sunbeam, from making a tournament of "Jack-o'-lanthorn" on the ceiling with a round piece of looking-glass, set in a metal box, which, though sold as a shaving-glass, he has bought for this express purpose in Tottenham Court Road.

His locker in the lobby of the dissecting-room has long since been devoid of note-books, preparations, scalpels, or forceps; but still it is not empty. Its contents are composed of three bellpull-handles, a valuable series of shutter-fastenings, a skull without the lower jaw, the original black apron

made by his sisters, and now but seldom used, two or three broken pipes, a pewter "go" (which, if everybody had their own, would in all probability belong to Mr. Green, of Covent Garden Piazza), some scraps of biscuit, and a round knocker, which forcibly recalls a pleasant evening he once spent, with the accompanying anecdotes of how he "bilked the pike" at Waterloo Bridge, and poor Jones got "jug'd" by mistake, but eventually got off the next morning with a five-shilling fine.

It must not, however, be supposed that the student now neglects visiting the dissecting-room. On the contrary, he is unremitting in his attendance, and sometimes the first there of a morning, more especially when he has, to use his own expression, been "going it rather fast than otherwise" the evening before, and comes to the school very early in the morning to have a good wash at the large sink that is so generously supplied by the hospital authorities, with plenty of water, yellow soap, and a round towel, and refresh himself previously to snatching a little of the slumber he has forgotten to take during the night, which he enjoys very quietly in the injecting-room down stairs, amidst a heterogeneous assemblage of

pipkins, subjects, deal coffins, sawdust, inflated stomachs, syringes, macerating-tubs, and dried preparations.

At the end of two hours' sleep, he takes another wash, and then feeling himself perfectly ready to perform the duties of the day, he repairs up-stairs and joins the students who are not attending the chemical lecture in the dissecting-room, and not having been able to manage his breakfast at home, he feels now that he is ready for a round of buttered toast and a bloater.

The dissecting-room is his favourite resort for refreshment, and he broils sprats and red herrings on the fire-shovel with consummate skill, amusing himself during the process of his culinary arrangements by sawing the corners off the stone mantel-piece, throwing cinders at the new man, or seeing how long it takes to bore a hole through one of the stools with a red-hot poker. Indeed, these luckless pieces of furniture are always marked out by the student as the fittest objects on which to wreak his destructive propensities; and he generally discovers that the readiest way to do them up is to hop steeple-chases upon them from one end of the room to the other—a sporting amusement which shakes them to pieces, and

irremediably dislocates all their articulations sooner than anything else. Of course, these pleasantries are only carried on in the absence of the demonstrator, who at this particular hour is staying at his own house, and making belief that he is seeing patients from ten till twelve.

Should he be present, having found out the inutility of the proceeding, the industry of the student is confined to poking the fire in the stove and then shutting the flue, or keeping down the ball of the cistern by some abdominal hooks, and then, before the invasion of smoke and water takes place, quietly joining a knot of new men who are strenuously endeavouring to dissect the brain and discover the *hippocampus major*, which they expect to find in the perfect similitude of a sea-horse, like the web-footed quadrupeds who paw the "reality" in the "area usually devoted to illusion," or tank, at the Regent's Park Vivarium.

If one of the professors of his medical school chances to be addicted to making anti-Martin experiments on animals, or the study of comparative anatomy, the pursuits offer an endless fund of amusement to the jocose student. He administers poison to the toxicological guinea-

pigs ; hunts the rabbit kept for galvanism about the school ; lets loose in the theatre, by accident, the sparrows which in their plumage much resemble the performing canaries that ring the bell and fire the pistol in the street, and are preserved to show the rapidly fatal action of *choke-damp* upon life ; turns the bladders, which have been provided to tie over bottles, into footballs ; and makes daily contributions to the plate of pebbles taken from the stomach of the ostrich, and preserved in the museum to show the mode in which these birds assist digestion, until he quadruples the quantity, and has the quiet satisfaction of seeing exhibited at lecture, as the identical objects, the heap of small stones which he has collected from time to time in the garden of the school, or from any excavation for pipes or paving which he may have passed in his route from his lodging. There is a case on record when an over-assiduous student, not being satisfied with the pebbles alone, introduced the bowls of some tobacco-pipes, and a few teacup-handles, and this naturally led the lecturer to discover the imposition, and to order the specimens in future to be kept under lock and key until required.

The second or middle course of the three

winter sessions which the medical student is compelled to go through, is the one in which he most enjoys himself, and indulges in those little outbreaks of eccentric mirth which so eminently qualify him for his future professional career. During the first course, he studies from novelty — during the last, from compulsion ; but the middle one passes in unlimited sprees, and perpetual half-and-half. The only grand project he now undertakes is “going up for his Latin,” provided he had not courage to do so upon first coming to London. For some weeks before this period, he is never seen without an interlined edition of Celsus and Gregory ; not that he debars himself from joviality during the time of his preparation, but he judiciously combines study with amusement, never stirring without his translation in his pocket ; and even if he goes to the theatre, while waiting in the passage leading to the pit pay-place, he contrives to get under a gas-lamp, so that with his book he may keep up his studies, and he beguiles the time between the pieces by learning the literal order of a new paragraph. Every school possesses circulating copies of these works : they have been originally purchased in some wild moment of industrious extravagance by

a new man ; and when he passed, he sold them for five shillings to another, who, in turn, disposed of them to a third, until they had run nearly all through the school, and have become so worn, that the pieces most likely to be asked are nearly grubbed with dirty fingers out of the text. The student grinds away at these until he knows them almost by heart, albeit his translation is not the most elegant. He reads—" *Sanus homo*, a sound man ; *qui*, who ; *et*, also ; *bene valet*, well is in health ; *et*, and ; *sua spontis*, of his own choice ; *est*, is," &c. This, however, is quite sufficient ; and, accordingly, one afternoon, in a rash moment, he makes up his mind to " go up."

Arrived at Apothecaries' Hall—a building which he regards with a feeling of awe far beyond the Bow Street Police Office, — he takes his place amongst the anxious throng of pale faces that are conversing in little knots, and is, at last, called into a room, where two examiners politely request that he will favour them by sitting down at a table adorned with severe-looking inkstands, long pens, formal sheets of foolscap, and awfully-sized copies of the light entertaining works mentioned above. One of the aforesaid examiners then takes a pinch of snuff, coughs, blows his nose, points

out a paragraph for the student to translate, and leaves him to do it.

He has, with a prudent forethought, stuffed his cribs inside his double-breasted waistcoat, but, unfortunately, he finds he cannot use them ; so, when he sticks at a queer word, he writes it on his blotting-paper, and shoves it quietly on to the next man. If his neighbour is a brick, he returns an answer ; but if he is not, our friend is compelled to take shots of the meaning, and trust to chance—a good plan when you are not certain what to do, either at billiards or Apothecaries' Hall and even in the old days at school, when construing Virgil ;—and it always struck us that at school the masters generally gave premiums for telling stories. We remember, when we would not look out the words in the dictionary, that the inventive genius of the usher hit upon a plan to make us ; he suggested that we should put a small slip of paper in the page where the word was to be found. Now this was a bore, so that the minute before the class went up, some sixty of these small pieces of paper were put into any places where the book opened : this, of course, was soon found out, and the plan failed. Then the usher trusted to a boy's honour. He would

say, "Have you looked this word out, sir?" "No, sir," answered the good boy. "Then hold out your hand, sir;" and the poor wretch received three whacks with the cane. Now he goes on to the next boy, and asks the same question; to which the bad boy answers, "Yes, sir." This satisfied the usher, and there was no cane for him. It always seemed to us that this was a bad way of proceeding, and showed a boy how much better it was not to speak the truth.

Should the medical student be fortunate enough to get through, his schedule is endorsed with some hieroglyphics explanatory of the auspicious event; and, in gratitude, he asks a few friends to his lodgings that night, who have legions of sausages for supper, and drink gin-and-water and smoke strong tobacco until three o'clock in the morning. It is not, however, absolutely necessary that a man should go up himself to pass his Latin. We knew a student once who, by a little judicious change of appearance—first letting his hair grow very long, and then cutting it quite short,—at one time patronizing whiskers, and at another shaving himself perfectly clean,—once suffering from a violent toothache, — now wearing spectacles, and now

speaking through his nose, being, withal an excellent scholar, passed a Latin examination for half the men in the hospital he belonged to, receiving from them, when he had succeeded, the fee which, in most cases, they would have paid a private teacher for preparing them.

The medical student does not like dining alone ; he is gregarious, and attaches himself to some dining-rooms in the vicinity of his school, where, in addition to the usual journals, they take in the *Lancet* and *Medical Times* for his express reading. He is here the customer most looked up to by the proprietor, and is also on excellent terms with "Harriet," who confidentially tells him that the boiled beef is just up ; indeed, he has been seen now and then to put his arm round her waist and ask her when she meant to marry him, which question Harriet is not very well prepared to answer, as all the second season men have proposed to her successively, and each stands equally well in her estimation, which is kept up at the rate of a penny *per diem*. But Harriet is not the only waiting domestic with whom he is upon friendly terms. The Toms, Charleses, and Henrys of the supper-taverns enjoy equal familiarity, and he is also on nodding terms with Mr. Skinner at

Evans's; and when the young woman at Knight's in the Strand brings him oysters for two, and asks him for the money to get the stout with from the Lyceum tavern close by, he throws down the shilling with an expression of endearment that plainly intimates he does not mean to take back the fourpence change out of the pot.

Should he, however, in the course of his wanderings, go into a strange eating-house, where he is not known, and consequently is not paid becoming attention, his revenge is called into play, and he gratifies it by the simple act of pouring the vinegar into the pepper-castor, bending the points of the forks at right angles, and emptying the contents of the salt-cellar into the water-bottle before he gets up to walk away; he does not, of course, see the end of this practical joke as he never goes again, but he feels convinced that it will answer, and perhaps have the effect of sending away in disgust one of the most regular diners at the establishment. If he has a diamond ring (very few medical students have) and he is sitting near the window, he will take advantage of the temporary absence of the waitress to draw an anatomical study on one

of the panes, or scratch the name and address of an unpopular lecturer, and, if he is left alone long enough, his portrait.

OF THE GRINDER AND HIS CLASS.

ONE fine morning, in the October of the third winter session, the student is suddenly struck by the recollection that at the end of the course the time will arrive for him to be thinking about undergoing the ordeals of the Hall and College. Making up his mind, therefore, to begin studying in earnest, he becomes a *pro tempore* member of a temperance society, pledging himself to abstain from immoderate beer for six months: he also purchases a coffee-pot; a reading-candle lamp that gives him great misery in after times, by sometimes jumping straight up to the ceiling when it has just been lighted, and at other times going out with a smell at the moment he is getting comfortably to work; a Steggall's Manual, and some other useful books at a cheap rate from the dissecting-room porter, who has had them presented to him by fortunate students who have passed their examinations and have left the hospital.

Aspirants to honours in law, physic, or divinity, and fowls for the market, know the value of private cramming—a process by which their brains are fattened, by abstinence from liquids and an increase of dry food (some of it *very* dry), like the livers of Strasbourg geese. There are grinders in each of these three professional classes ; but the medical teacher is the man of the most varied and eccentric knowledge. Not only is he intimately acquainted with the different branches required to be studied, but he is also master of all their minutæ.

In accordance with the taste of the examiners, he learns and imparts to his class at what degree of heat water boils in a balloon—how the article of commerce, *Prussian blue*, is more easily and correctly defined as the *Ferrosesquicyanuret of the cyanide of potassium*,—why the nitrous oxyde, or laughing gas, induces people to make such asses of themselves,—what you would do if you were called to see a tipsy barber who had cut his throat with a razor, or divided his carotid artery with his scissors ; and, especially, all sorts of individual inquiries, which, if continued at the present rate, will range from “Who discovered the use of the spleen ?” to “Who killed cock

robin?" for aught we know. They ask questions at the Hall quite as vague as these.

It is twelve o'clock at noon. In a large room, ornamented by shelves of bottles and preparations, with varnished prints of medical plants, cases of articulated bones and ligaments, small wooden trays filled with dull-looking minerals, and chips of brown dusty pieces of wood, and a very much-used skeleton hanging from a pulley in the ceiling, a number of young men are seated round a long table covered with baize, in the centre of whom an intellectual-looking man, whose well-developed forehead shows the amount of knowledge it can contain, is interrogating by turns each of the students, and endeavouring to impress the points in question on their memories by various diverting associations. Each of his pupils, as he passes his examination, furnishes him with a copy of the subjects touched upon; and by studying these minutely, the private teacher forms a pretty correct idea of the general run of the "Hall questions."

"Now, Mr. Muff," says the gentleman to one of his class, handing him a bottle of something which appears like specimens of a chestnut colt's coat after he had been clipped; "what's that, sir?"

"That's cow-itch, sir," replies Mr. Muff.

"Cow what? That won't do, sir. You must call it at the Hall by its botanical name—*dolichos pruriens*. What is it used for?"

"To strew in people's beds that you owe a grudge to," replies Muff; whereat all the class laugh, except the last comer, who takes it all for granted, and makes a note of the circumstance in his interleaved manual; but it is right to say, that after attending the guiding class two or three times he runs his pencil through this note as valueless.

"That answer would floor you," continues the grinder. "The *dolichos* is used to destroy worms. How does it act, Mr. Jones?" going on to the next pupil—a man in a light cotton cravat, wearing thick gloves, a silver watch chain, and no shirt collar, who carries a large cotton umbrella which he always keeps at the side of his seat, who looks very like a butler out of place.

"It tickles them to death, sir," answers Mr. Jones.

"You would say it acts mechanically," observes the grinder. "The fine points stick into the worms and kill them. They say, 'Is this a dagger which I see before me?' and then die. Recollect

the dagger, Mr. Jones, when you go up. I have known three men saved of an evening by remembering the dagger, Mr. Jones. Mr. Manhug, I want your attention for this answer—what do you consider the best sudorific, if you wanted to throw a person into a perspiration?”

Mr. Manhug, who is the wag of the class, finishes, in rather an abrupt manner, a song he was humming, *sotto voce*, having some allusion to a peer who was known as Thomas, Lord Noddy, having passed a night at a house of public entertainment in the Old Bailey previous to an execution. He then takes a pinch of snuff, winks at the other pupils as much as to say, “See me tackle him, now;” and replies, “The gallery door of Drury Lane on Boxing-night.”

“Now, come, be serious for once, Mr. Manhug,” continues the teacher; “what else is likely to answer the purpose?”

“I think a run up Holborn-hill, with two Ely-place knockers on your arm, and three policemen on your heels, might have a good effect; and I should fancy that the Hall examination itself would do it,” answers Mr. Manhug.

“Do you ever think you will pass the Hall, if

you go on at this rate ? ” observes the teacher, in a tone of mild reproach.

“ Not a doubt of it, sir,” returns the imperturbable Manhug. “ I’ve passed it twenty times within this last month, and did not find any very great difficulty about it; neither do I expect to, unless the Norwich Union Fire Office is burnt down, and they block up Union Street and Water Lane.”

The grinder gives Mr. Manhug up as a hopeless case, and goes on to the next. “ Mr. Rapp, they will be very likely to ask you the composition of the *compound gamboge pill*. What is it made of ? ”

Mr. Rapp hasn’t the least idea.

“ Remember, then, it is composed of cambogia, aloes, ginger, and soap — C. A. G. S. — *cags*. Recollect Cags, Mr. Rapp.” (The last comer, who has not heard very plainly, writes down in his notes B. A. G. S., and on the eventful evening this causes him a deal of misery.) “ What would you do if you were sent for to a person poisoned by oxalic acid ? ”

“ Give him some chalk,” returns Mr. Rapp.

“ But suppose you had not got any chalk in the house, what would you substitute ? ”

“ Oh, anything ; soapsuds and pipeclay, old images, or cheap confectionary.”

“ Yes, that’s all very right ; but we will presume you could not get any soapsuds and pipeclay, old images, or cheap confectionary ; in fact, that there was nothing to be found about the place. What would you do then ? ”

Mr. Manhug cries out from the bottom of the table, “ Let him die and be d—— ! ”

“ Now, Mr. Manhug, I really must entreat of you to be more steady,” interrupts the Professor. “ You would scrape the ceiling with the fire-shovel, would you not ? Plaster contains lime, and lime is an antidote. Recollect that, if you please. They like you to say you would scrape the ceiling, at the Hall : they think it shows a ready invention in emergency. Mr. Newcome, you have heard the last question and answer ? ”

“ Yes, sir,” says the fresh arrival, as he finishes making a note of it (for he takes notes of everything, and it would be better for him if he wrote less and listened more to the grinders).

“ Well ; you are sent for to a man who has hung himself. What would be your first endeavour ? ”

“ To scrape the ceiling with the fire-shovel,” mildly observes Mr. Newcome ; whereupon the

class indulges in a hearty laugh, except Mr. Manhug, who groans, and Mr. Newcome blushes as deep as the red bull's-eye of a New Road doctor's lamp.

"What would *you* do, Mr. Manhug? Perhaps you can inform Mr. Newcome."

"Cut him down, sir," answers the indomitable *farceur*.

"Well, well," continues the teacher; "but we will presume he has been cut down by some neighbour before you have arrived at the house. What would you strive to do next?"

"Cut him up, sir, if the coroner would give an order for a *post mortem* examination, and I was sure of the fee."

"We have had no chemistry this morning," observes one of the pupils, who intends to go up for his examination in a fortnight, and feels rather weak on his nitrogen, oxygen, and hydrogen.

"Very well, Mr. Rogers; we will go on with it if you wish. How would you endeavour to detect the presence of gold in any body?"

"By begging the loan of a sovereign, sir," interrupts Mr. Manhug.

"If he knew you as well as I do, Manhug," observes Mr. Jones, "he'd be sure to lend it—

oh, yes!—I should rayther think so, certainly ; ” whereupon Mr. Jones compresses his nostril with the thumb of his right hand, and moves his fingers as if he was performing a concerto on an imaginary one-handed flageolet. No remark follows this performance from the Professor ; he looks down in a dog’s-eared book and smiles, for Mr. Jones is a favourite, and has brought more men to his class from the different hospitals than any other student ; it is even whispered amongst them that Jones himself has never paid, though he has been grinding some years.

“ Mr. Rapp, what is the difference between an element and a compound body ? ”

Mr. Rapp is again obliged to confess his ignorance. •

“ A compound body is composed of two or more elements,” says the grinder, “ in various proportions. Give me an example, Mr. Jones.”

“ Half-and-half is a compound body, composed of two elements, ale and porter, the proportion of the porter increasing in an inverse ratio to the respectability of the public-house you get it from,” replies Mr. Jones.

The Professor smiles, and taking up again his dog’s-eared book, which is a “ Pharmacopœia,”

says, "I see here directions for evaporating certain liquids 'in a water-bath.' Mr. Newcome, what is the most familiar instance of a water-bath you are acquainted with?"

"The baths and washhouses situated in a small street at the back of the National Gallery, and the swimming-bath at the Marsh Gate, Westminster Road," returns Mr. Newcome.

"A water-bath means a vessel placed in boiling water, Mr. Newcome, to keep it at a certain temperature. If you are asked at the Hall for the most familiar instance, they like you to say a carpenter's glue-pot."

"And now, Mr. Manhug," says the grinder, "I promised you the other day, that when we had a quarter of an hour to spare, you might read your notes on gardening, which you had prepared for my class: this is a good opportunity; we will hear them now, if you please."

Mr. Manhug goes to his ^{*}coat that is hanging up on the long row of pegs at the end of the room, and from it takes a very important-looking note-book, at the same time putting several old bones into the pockets of the coats belonging to Mr. Simpson and the Scotch pupil; he comes back into the circle, and begins by reading his

Directions for Medical Students in the month of February :—

“In the last month and the present, should the frost appear likely to continue, when you leave the dissecting-room at night, turn the cock of the boiler, and sweep away the sawdust, that a slide may be provided against the morning. Find out where the new men hang their Mackintoshes, and fill the pockets with snow during the lecture on *materia medica*, which new men generally attend. Great diversion may be made at these lectures by carefully putting a long icicle down the back of a new man, more particularly if you are able, with a careful hand, to place it between his skin and his flannel waistcoat. If you are sure he will not see you, it is allowable this month to pelt the demonstrator with snow-balls.”

At the conclusion of this direction there is a round of applause from all the students, in which the grinder heartily joins ; he has done the business of his day now, and he fully enters into Mr. Man-hug's fun : when they have laughed enough, he tells him to proceed.

“ MARCH.

“ Pupils anticipating their examination at the end of the course get deuced funky, and rush wildly about from the hospital to the grinders, and *vice versa*, inquiring of every one they meet—sometimes in their excitement they have even stopped a policeman, to know—the equivalent of protoxide of nitrogen, the botanical name of chickweed, and the course of the lymphatic duct; whilst men who mean to have a cut in for the prizes disappear altogether—it is presumed for the purpose of copying out their notes in little, that they may smug from them when locked up in the examination-room. Sovereigns are now spoken of as legendary coins; half-crowns appear at rare intervals; and it takes three students, on an average, to raise a pot of half-and-half, which one manages to drink.

“ APRIL.

“ Literal breaking-up for the first session of the stools and trestles in the dissecting-room. Now take out your watches, and put up your scalpels and abdominal hooks against the winter. Register

your past attendance upon lectures at the Hall; and if any of the professors have been obstinately insane enough to refuse signing your schedule, do it yourself. In cases of extreme pecuniary distress, recollect that the dealer in Great Russell Street, Bloomsbury, gives the best price for bones and preparations. New men occasionally make such things, and you should keep your eye upon wherever they hang them up to dry."

"Come, come, Manhug, that's too bad," says the grinder; "never steal a preparation that may have taken a man three weeks to make, and that he intends sending home to his parents, or the uncle he has expectations from."

"MAY.

"The exceedingly facetious Apothecaries' Company recommend 'such branches of study as may improve the student's general education' during the summer courses, which commence as follows: Lectures on Intoxication, by Professor Henry, at Bow Street—daily, 10 till 2; single lecture, 5s. On Hot Negus and the Lancers, by Professor Caldwell, at the Dean Street Rooms, and Professor Frere at the Portland Rooms,—Monday, Wednesday, and Friday evenings, 11

till an indefinite period ; single lecture, 1s. On Harmony and Practical Dissection, by Professors Green, Weston, Morton, and Caulfield,—midnight till 3 a.m. ; single lecture, average, 2s. 4d. On Subterraneous Phenomena and Natural Philosophy, by various professors, daily, at the stalactite caverns at the Colosseum and Surrey Gardens, and, nightly, at the Cider Cellars, Cole Hole, &c.

“ JUNE.

“ Botanical Excursions in full vigour for the first two Saturdays of this month, after which the students are never known to get beyond Jack Straw’s Castle, or the Red House, unless they go to Kew Gardens by the boat, and then they return at once, remaining on board, hiding in the fore cabin, and only paying their fares from Blackfriars to London Bridge. Towards the end of the month, the Professor’s class is generally composed of two new men and the skeleton overhead ; who presents a curious anatomical paradox, having his legs articulated to the glenoid cavity of his shoulder-blades, and his arms attached to the hip-joint ; with his skull turned hind side before and biting a piece of

orange peel, and an old fox's brush wired on his os coccygis, to illustrate the link between the monkey and the man.

“JULY.

“This is, perhaps, the most idle month in the whole year at the hospitals. Dissecting-rooms lighted from the ceiling become anatomical hot-houses; old umbrellas that have been left standing in a flower-pot saucer, may be seen sprouting at the ribs. The botanical lecturer puts up a notice about the last excursion to Hampstead to collect plants, which no one joins, so he goes alone and dines with a friend who lives on the Heath. At the end of the season he offers a prize, for which there is only one candidate, who gets it. The porter of the school inclines to that of Barclay's brewery, and constructs a rustic seat out of an old coffin—keeping the sun off with a diagram board—upon the leads; where, in the full enjoyment of a sinecure period, he indulges in short pipes all day long, and bleaches bones ready to sell to the new men who may be coming up for the October session.

“AUGUST.

“General vacation. Persons inhabiting the vicinities of hospitals venture to put forth their knoockers once more ; the fishmongers stand their empty oyster-barrels at their doors without the fear of having them pitched into the gutter ; publicans perceive a very sensible diminution in their draught of half-and-half, and the pawn-brokers change the anatomical instruments in their windows for guns and fishing-tackle. The students, who have still part of their apprenticeship to serve, go back to the country and give themselves great airs on the strength of their residence in London : they now exchange their anatomical labours for pauper ones at five shillings a case ; and after sitting up for two nights and a day at an unthatched cottage on a common, become as anxious for a presentation as a candidate for Christ’s Hospital.

“SEPTEMBER.

“Now pupils in the country who are preparing to commence their first winter course in London grind up the preparation of calomel from the ‘Phar-

macopœia,' and begin to learn the bones of the head from an old edition of 'Cheselden's Anatomy,' and spend several hours in investigating the skeleton which was presented to the museum of the Literary Institution by the opposition medical man when he moved, and had no room for it in his new house,—and this is generally the reason why so many philanthropic individuals give all the useless things that they have had brought them from abroad, and which only take up room and collect dust in their own houses, to the museums and literary institutions. In very rabid cases, they buy two sheep's eyes and discover the crystalline lens, which they speak of as 'a beautiful provision of nature.' Lecturers return from fishing in lakes to fish for pupils, and to advertise their courses. The tops of the preparations in the museums are fresh painted, as well as the black diagram board, to entice new men. About this time house-surgeons get very bilious and dissatisfied with the hospital dinners.

“OCTOBER.

“Opening of the schools. Hospital surgeons hunt up the lame and halt, to make a grand operating field-day for the commencement of the

season. The gentleman who gives the opening lecture invites all his friends and patients to be present on the occasion, and they vociferously applaud his entrance, and more so his exit, with their sticks and umbrellas. New men are afraid to wash their hands down-stairs by themselves, especially if there is a subject there waiting to be prepared for the dissecting-room tables by the porter, and whistle about the passage till some one goes down. Pawnbrokers rub up their windows, and display tempting dissecting-cases at seven-and-sixpence which they have purchased for three shillings in June, when money is getting very scarce amongst the students. Watches may now be seen at intervals amongst the pupils, as well as silver lancet-cases. These phenomena are visible for a space of time varying from one month to six weeks, and then disappear.

“ NOVEMBER.

“The first thing to be observed this month is to put up your watches, and purchase fireworks for a grand pyrotechnic *fête* in the dissecting-room during the lecture upon practice of physic. A Guy, made in effigy of some unpopular lecturer,

may be carried round the hospital garden, and adds much to the amusement of those patients whose wards look into the garden, and who are able to stand at the windows. Crackers may be contrived to explode at any period of a clinical lecture, by attaching graduated pieces of touch-string to them. If you owe a new man a grudge who chances to be dissecting the lungs and mediastina of a recent subject, place a sixpenny maroon in the cavity of the thorax, with a long piece of touch-string, light it, walk off to the end of the room, and begin to study the humerus of the skeleton in the corner : a singular effect will be produced.

“ DECEMBER.

“ First-session pupils receive turkeys and fresh-looking loins of pork from their friends in the country, which getting known, twenty students call at their lodgings the same day, to know when they (the turkeys) will be cooked. Barrels of oyster-shells are now forwarded to the resident apothecary at the hospital, and in one of them there is a note to the effect that he had better divide the barrel with the matron, and ask the chaplain to lunch. A piece of mistletoe is hung

up to the rope that opens the skylight in the lecture-room, and a small sprig of holly is put between the jaws of all the skeletons in the museum. Two gastrocnemii muscles, with the tendo Achilles cut short, are packed in small fish-baskets, and sent to the house-surgeon as a pair of soles, accompanied by a jejunum stuffed with dirty sawdust, and tied round at certain intervals with a ligature of silk to resemble sausages."

Mr. Manhug with this ends his discourse, amidst the applause of his audience, and having promised the Professor and all present a dinner at Cremorne when he passes, the grinder proclaims that work is over until the next afternoon.

OF VARIOUS OTHER DIVERTING MATTERS CONNECTED WITH GRINDING.

FROM experience we are aware that the invention of the useful species of phrenotypics, alluded to in our last chapter, does not rest with the grinder alone. Several of our professors and lecturers occasionally introduce a little bit of artificial memory into their discourses. We have

seen the lecturer on anatomy place his pencil-case in the occipital foramen of the skull, and then ask a medical student what goes through it, and the student being of a frolicsome turn of mind, has said, "Your pencil-case, sir," instead of enumerating the vessels, nerves, &c., as he was expected to do. We once knew a medical student (and many even now at the London hospitals will recollect his name without mentioning it), who, when he was grinding for the Hall, being naturally of a melodious and harmonic disposition, conceived the idea of learning the whole of his practice of physic by setting a description of the diseases to music. He had a song of some hundred and twenty verses, which he called "The Poetry of Steggall's Manual;" and this he put to the tune of the "Good old Days of Adam and Eve." We deeply lament that we cannot produce the whole of this lyrical pathological curiosity, and it is not even to be found in the libraries of the College of Surgeons or the British Museum. Two verses, however, linger on our memory, and these we have written down, requesting that they may be said or sung to the air above mentioned, and dedicating them to the gentlemen who are going up next Thursday evening. They relate to the

symptoms, treatment, and causes of Hæmoptysis and Hæmatemesis; which terms respectfully imply, for the benefit of the million unprofessional readers who will be certain to read these sketches, a spitting of blood from the lungs and a vomiting of ditto from the stomach. The music can be obtained at any music publishers, and the song was composed of stanzas similar to those which follow, except the portion relating to *Diseases of the Brain*, which was more appropriately separated into the old English division of *Fyttes*.

HÆMOPTYSIS.

A sensation of weight and oppression of the chest, sirs ;
 With tickling at the larynx, which scarcely gives you rest, sirs ;
 Full hard pulse, salt taste, and tongue very white, sirs ;
 And blood brought up in coughing, of colour very bright, sirs.
 It depends on causes three : the first's exhalation ;
 The next, a ruptured artery ; the third, ulceration.
 In treatment we may bleed, keep the patient cool and quiet,
 Acid drinks, digitalis, and attend to a mild diet.

Sing hey, sing ho, we do not grieve
 When this formidable illness takes its leave.

HÆMATEMESIS.

Clotted blood is thrown up, in colour very black, sirs,
 And generally sudden, as it comes up in a crack, sirs.
 It's preceded at the stomach by a weighty sensation ;
 But nothing appears ruptured upon examination.

It differs from the last by the particles thrown off, sirs,
Being denser, deeper coloured, and without a bit of cough, sirs,
In plethoric habits bleed, and some acid draughts pour in, gents,
With *Oleum Terebinthinæ* (small doses) and astringents.

Sing hey, sing ho ; if you think the lesion spacious,
The acetate of lead is found very efficacious.

Thus, in a few lines a great deal of valuable professional information is conveyed, at the same time that the tedium of much study is relieved by the harmony. If Poetry is yet to be found in our hospitals—a queer place certainly for her to dwell, unless in her present feeble state the frequenters of Parnassus have subscribed to give her an in-patient's ticket, we trust that some able hand will continue this subject for the benefit of medical students generally;—surely this is a field for Tennyson and Edgar Poe when they want new subjects; for, we repeat, it is much to be regretted that no more of this valuable production remains to us than the portion which we have just immortalized, and set forth as an apt example for cheering the pursuit of knowledge under difficulties.

The gifted hand who arranged this might have turned Cooper's First "Lines of Surgery" into a tragedy for Mr. Phelps at Sadler's Wells; Dr. Copeland's Medical Dictionary into a do-

mestic melodrama, for Mr. Webster's Adelphi Theatre, with long intervals between the acts; the "Pharmacopœia" into a light one-act farce, that would suit Mr. Buckstone at the Haymarket, or Mr. Robson at the Olympic. With the talents of Messrs. Balfe and Wallace, "Christoson on Poisons" would make a magnificent opera, something of the Traviata school; while, with the drawing music of Mr. Alfred Mellon, "Tomes's Lectures on Dental Surgery" would make a most attractive ballet for Miss Pyne and Mr. Harrison at the Covent Garden Opera. It strikes us, if the theatres could enter into an arrangement with the Borough Hospitals to supply an amputation every evening as the finishing *coup* to an act, it would draw immensely when other means failed to attract.

The last time we heard this poem was at an harmonic meeting of medical students, within a hundred and fifty yards of the — School dissecting-room. It was truly delightful to see these young men snatching a few Anacreontic hours from their harassing professional occupations. At the time we heard it, the singer was slightly overcome by excitement and tight boots; and at length, being prevailed upon to remove the ob-

noxious understandings, they were passed round the table to have their price guessed, and to be admired ; and they were then eventually returned to their owner, filled with half-and-half, cigar ashes, broken pipes, bread-crusts, and gin-and-water. This was a jocular pleasantry, which only the hilarious mind of a medical student could have conceived.

As the day of examination approaches, the economy of our friend undergoes a complete transformation, but in an inverse entomological progression—changing from the butterfly into the chrysalis. He never appears at any of his night haunts, and is quite unconscious of what is going on at the theatres and music-halls. He is seldom seen at the hospitals, dividing the whole of his time between the grinder and his lodgings, taking innumerable notes at one place, and endeavouring to decipher them at the other.

Those who have called upon him at this trying period have found him in an old shooting-jacket and slippers, seated at a table, and surrounded by every book that was ever written upon every medical subject that was ever discussed ; all of which he appears to be reading at once—with little pieces of paper strewn all over the room, covered with

strange hieroglyphics and extraordinary diagrams of chemical decompositions ; and another table pulled up at the right side of the chair he sits in, covered with old bones and badly-varnished home-made anatomical preparations, that he has borrowed from some new man, and that he will burn the night he passes.

His brain is as full of temporary information as a bad egg is of sulphuretted hydrogen, or a Putney omnibus of damp travellers on a wet day ; and it is a fortunate provision of nature that the *dura mater* is of a tough fibrous texture. Were it not for this safeguard, the whole mass would undoubtedly go off at once like a badly-rammed rocket. He is conscious of this himself ; but from the whipcord sensation that he feels round his forehead, after reading for eight hours at a spell, and from the grinding information wherein he has been taught that the brain has three coverings, in the following order :—the *dura mater*, or Paletot overall ; the *tunica arachnoidea*, or “dress-coat of fine Saxony cloth ;” and, in immediate contact, the *pia mater*, or five-and-sixpenny long-cloth shirt with linen wristbands and fronts. This is a brilliant specimen of the helps to memory which the grinder affords, as splendid in its arrangement

as the topographical methods of calling to mind the course of the large arteries, which define the abdominal aorta as Cheapside, its two common iliac branches as Newgate Street and St. Paul's Churchyard, and the medio sacralis given off between them, as Paternoster Row.

Time goes on, bringing the fated hour nearer and nearer ; and the student's assiduity knows no bounds. He reads his subjects over and over again, to keep them fresh in his memory, like little boys at school, who try to catch a last bird's-eye glance of their book before they give it into the usher's hands to say by heart. He now feels a deep interest in the statistics of the Hall, and is horrified at hearing that "nine men out of thirteen were sent back last Thursday !" But he receives some consolation from a student who looks on the bright side of everything, and who assures him that this is good news, as the examiners never pluck two nines running, — they want the fees too much for that. His friend is also ready to bet him a sovereign that he passes : and this is a very safe kind of wager ; for, if he passes, he is sure to pay at once ; and if he is plucked, he leaves the next day early for the country, and then there is no reason to pay him at all.

The subjects, too, that they were rejected upon frighten him just as much. One was plucked upon for his anatomy ; another, because he could not tell the difference between a daisy and a camomile ; a third, because he did not know the degree at which milk boiled over, though it had so often happened to him at his lodgings, when he had left the small saucepan on the fire, and was looking at Punch out of window ; and a fourth, after “ being in ” three hours and a quarter, was sent back for his inability to explain the process of making malt from barley,—an operation whose final use he so well understands, although the preparation somewhat bothered him. And thus, fuming at the rejection of a clever man, or marvelling at the success of an acknowledged fool,—determining to take prussic acid in the event of being refused, — reading fourteen hours a day, and keeping awake by the combined influence of snuff and coffee,—the student finds his first ordeal approach.

OF THE EXAMINATION AT APOTHE-
CARIES' HALL.

THE last task that devolves upon our¹⁹ student before he goes up to the Hall, after he has looked over his black clothes, and sent them just to be done up for the evening, is to hunt up his testimonials of attendance to lectures and good moral conduct in his apprenticeship, together with his parochial certificate of age and baptism. The first of these is the chief point to obtain; the two last he generally writes himself—or rather gets another student to do it for him, and he returns the compliment when called upon to do so—in the style best consonant with his own feelings, and the date of his indenture. His “morality ticket” is as follows:—

(COPY.)

“I hereby certify, that during the period Mr. Joseph Muff served his time with me, he especially recommended himself to my notice by his studious and attentive habits, highly moral and gentlemanly conduct, and excellent disposition. He

always availed himself of every opportunity to improve his professional knowledge, and paid great attention to the poor in this district—a fact I consider of very great importance.”

(Signed)

According to the name on the indenture.

The certificate of attendance upon lectures is only obtained in its most approved state by much clever manœuvring. It is important to bear in mind that a lecturer should never be asked whilst he is loitering about the school for his signature of the student's diligence. He may then have time to recollect his ignorance of his pupil's face at his discourses. He should always be caught flying—either immediately before or after his lecture, or even at a better time still, when he is late for a board meeting of the governors of the hospital, or has an important operation to perform, and several strangers are waiting to see it done, in order that the whole business may be too hurried to admit of investigation. In the space left for the degree of attention which the student has shown, it is better that he subscribes nothing at all than an indifferent report; because, in the former case, the student can fill it up to his own

satisfaction. He usually prefers the phrase — “with unremitting diligence.”

And having arrived at this important section of our Physiology, it behoves us to publish, for the benefit of medical students in general, and those about to go up in particular, the following

CODE OF INSTRUCTIONS

TO BE OBSERVED BY THOSE PREPARING FOR EXAMINATION
AT THE HALL.

1. Previously to going up, take some pills, and get your hair cut. This not only clears your faculties, but improves your appearance. The Court of Examiners dislike long hair, and any extravagant style of dress.

2. Do not drink too much stout before you go in, with the idea that it will give you pluck. It renders you very valiant for half an hour, and then muddles your notions with indescribable confusion (in this state the different processes, on the bones, and the shapes of certain crystals, become very difficult to determine).

3. Having arrived at the Hall, put your rings and chains in your pocket, and, if practicable, publish a pair of spectacles : this will endow you with a grave look. Should you wear stand-up

collars, turn them down for the occasion ; it is Byronic, and gives you an intelligent and hard-working appearance.

4. On taking your place at the table, if you wish to gain time, drop your spectacles, or anything that you may have in your pocket that you can drop, and feign to be intensely frightened. One of the examiners will then rise to give you a tumbler of water, which you may, with good effect, rattle tremulously against your teeth when drinking. This may possibly lead them to excuse bad answers on the score of extreme nervous trepidation.

5. Should things appear to be going against you, get up a hectic cough, which is easily imitated, and look acutely miserable, which you will probably do without trying.

6. Endeavour to assume an off-hand manner of answering ; and when you have stated any pathological fact—right or wrong—*stick to it* ; if they want a case for example, invent one, “that happened when you were an apprentice in the country,” or “walking the hospitals in Paris.” This assumed confidence will sometimes bother them, more particularly if your examiner should happen to be a new hand. We knew a student

who once swore at the Hall, that he gave opium in a case of concussion of the brain, and that the patient never required anything else. It was true—he never did.

7 Should you be fortunate enough to pass, out of gratitude go down the next day to your grinder's, and enliven the class with anecdotes of the night before. He will be very glad to see you, and will treat you as a son during the afternoon,—your passing is of course an advertisement for him ; also go to your hospital and report your examination, describing it as the most extraordinary ordeal of deep-searching questions ever undergone. This will make the Professors think well of you, and the new men deem you little less than a mental Colossus. Say, also, “you were complimented by the Court.” This advice is, however, scarcely necessary, as we never knew a student pass who was not thus honoured—according to his own account.

All things being arranged to his satisfaction, he deposits his papers under the care of Mr. Rivers, and passes the interval before the fatal day much in the same state of mind as a condemned criminal. At last, Thursday arrives, and at a quarter to four, any person who takes the trouble to station him-

self at the corner of Union Street will see various groups of three and four young men, some of them with close-cut hair and anxious faces, wending their way towards the portals of Apothecaries' Hall; consisting of students about to be examined, accompanied by friends, who come down with them to keep up their spirits. They approach the door, ask a few hurried questions of their friends as they are departing, never remembering the answers, and then shake hands, as they give and receive wishes of success. The wicket closes on the candidates, and their friends adjourn to the "Retail Establishment" opposite, to *go the odd-man*, and pledge their anxious companions in dissectors' diet-drink—*vulgo* half-and-half.

Leaving them to their libations, we follow our old friend Mr. Joseph Muff. He crosses the paved courtyard with the air of a man who had lost half-a-crown and found a halfpenny; and through the windows sees the assistants dispensing plums, pepper, and prescriptions, with provoking indifference; he looks at these with an expression of "I'm not funk'g a bit, though you may think I am;" but this is only answered by an impudent grin. Turning to the left, he ascends a solemn-looking staircase, adorned with

severe black figures in niches, who support lamps. On the top of the staircase he enters a room, wherein the partners of his misery are collected. It is a long narrow apartment, commonly known as "the funking-room," ornamented with a savage-looking fireplace at one end, and a huge surly chest at the other; with gloomy presses against the walls, containing dry mouldy books in harsh repulsive bindings. The windows look into the court, and the glass is scored by diamond rings, and the shutters pencilled with names and sentences, which Mr. Muff regards with feelings similar to those he would experience in contemplating the inscriptions on the walls of a condemned cell. The very chairs in the room look overbearing and unpleasant; and the whole locality is invested with an overallishness of unanswerable questions and intricate botheration. Some of the students are marching up and down the room in feverish restlessness; others, arm in arm, are worrying each other to death with questions; and the rest, with the exception of one, Mr. Saxby, who is whistling a lively air, being under the influence of too many brandies-and-water, as he came along, to give him confidence, and who is causing considerable annoyance to

the rest of the deep-thinking men—are grinding away to the last minute at a manual, or trying to write minute atomic numbers on their thumb-nail.

The clock strikes five, and the clerk enters the room, exclaiming—“Mr. Manhug, Mr. Jones, Mr. Saxby, and Mr. Collins.” The four depart to the chamber of examination (Mr. Saxby feeling the most heroic of the party) where the medical inquisition awaits them, with every species of mental torture to screw their brains instead of their thumbs, and rack their intellects instead of their limbs; the chair on which the unfortunate student is placed being far more uneasy than the tightest-fitting “Scavenger’s daughter” in the Tower of London. After an anxious hour, Mr. Jones returns, with a light bounding step to a joyous extempore air of his own composing: he has passed, and his sensations are something like those of a criminal who receives his pardon after the rope has been put round his neck on the scaffold. In ten minutes Mr. Saxby walks fiercely in, calls for his hat, condemns the examiners with an oath, swears he shall cut the profession, and marches away. He has been plucked, and Mr. Muff, who stands sixth on the list, is called on to make his appearance before the awful tribunal.

HOW MR. MUFF SPENT THE NIGHT AFTER HIS EXAMINATION.

WHILST Mr. Muff follows the beadle from the funking-room to the Council Chamber, he scarcely knows whether he is walking upon his head or his heels; if anything, he believes that he is adopting the former mode of locomotion; nor does he recover a sense of his true position until he finds himself seated at one end of a square table, the other three sides whereof are occupied by the same number of gentlemen of grave and austere bearing, with all the candles in the room apparently endeavouring to imitate that species of eccentric dance which he has only seen the gas-lamps attempt occasionally as he has returned home from his harmonic society, and which had just been seen in such perfection by Mr. Saxby during the few minutes he has enjoyed the company of the examiners. The table before him is invitingly spread with Pharmacopœias, books of prescriptions, trays of drugs, pieces of minerals and fossils, chips of brown wood, and half-dead

plants ; and upon these subjects, for an hour and a half, he is compelled to answer questions.

We will not follow his examination,—nobody was ever able to see the least joke in it, and therefore it is unfitted for our pages. We can but state that after having been puzzled, bullied, “caught,” quibbled with, and abused, for the above space of time, his good genius prevails, and he is told he may retire. Oh ! the pleasure with which he re-enters the funking-room—that nice, long, pleasant room, with its cheerful fireplace and good substantial book-cases, and valuable books, and excellent old-fashioned furniture ; and the capital tea which the worshipful company allows him—never was meal so exquisitely relished. He has passed the Hall ! won’t he have a flare-up to-night !—that’s all. Now he tells the wretched man whom he meets going into his place, that the examination is all nothing, and that he would go in again for twopence—(but he would not).

As soon as all the candidates have passed, their certificates are given them, upon payment of various sovereigns, and they are let out. Mr. Muff is much disappointed to find that the dispenser who grinned at him as he went in, is not there now at work, or he should certainly have

punched his head. As he has gone, though, he cannot; so he contents himself by breaking his window with a penny piece. The first great rush takes place to the "retail establishment" over the way, where Messrs. Jones, Rapp, Manhug, and all their friends are assembled; and even the unfortunate Mr. Saxby, who is attempting to drown reflection in gin-and-water. A pot of "Hospital Medoc" is consumed by each of the thirsty candidates, and off they go, dancing "Sally come Up," down Union Street, and swaggering along the pavement six abreast, as they sing several extempore variations of their own upon a glee which details divers peculiarities in the economy of certain small pigs, pleasantly enlivened by grunts and whistles, and the occasional asseverations of the singers that their paternal parent was a man of less than ordinary stature. This insensibly changes into "Willy brewed a Peck o' Maut," and finally settles down into "The Ratcatcher's Daughter," appropriately danced and chorussed, until a policeman, who has no music in his soul, stops their harmony, and threatens to take them into charge if they do not bring their promenade concert to a close. Although the harmony ceases, they still conduct

themselves in a light-hearted manner, hailing any cab or omnibus that may pass, and shoving all foot-passengers into the gutter.

Arrived at their lodgings, before Mr. Muff can get out his latch-key, two of his companions have begun to knock and ring, and shout "Mary" and "Fire;" and this they do to the terror of the neighbours, until the door is opened by Mary, whom Mr. Muff immediately kisses, as he does his old landlady, whom he meets on the stairs, simply out of gratitude, as he says. And now the party throw off all restraint: the table is soon covered with beer, spirits, screws, hot water, and pipes; and the company take off their coats, unbutton their collars, and proceed to conviviality. Mr. Muff, who is in the chair, sings the first song, which informs his friends that the glasses sparkle on the board and the wine is ruby-bright, in allusion to the pewter pots and half-and-half. Having finished, Mr. Muff calls upon Mr. Jones, who sings a ballad, not altogether perhaps of the same class you would hear at a *soirée musicale* in Belgrave Square, but still of infinite humour, which is applauded upon the table to a degree that flirps all the beer out of the pots, with which Mr. Rapp draws portraits and humorous conceits upon the table with his finger.

Mr. Manhug is then called upon, and sings

THE STUDENT'S ALPHABET.

Oh, A was an Artery, fill'd with injection ;
 And B was a Brick, never caught at dissection.
 C were some Chemicals—lithium and borax ;
 And D was a Diaphragm, flooring the thorax.

Chorus (taken in short-hand with minute accuracy).

Fol de rol lol,
 Tol de rol lay,
 Fol de rol, tol de rol, tol de rol, lay.

E was an Embryo in a glass case ;
 And F a Foramen, that pierced the skull's base.
 G was a Grinder, who sharpen'd the fools ;
 And H means the Half-and-half drunk at the schools.

Fol de rol lol, &c.

I was some Iodine, made of sea-weed ;
 J was a Jolly Cock, not used to read.
 K was some Kreosote, much over-rated ;
 And L were the Lies which about it were stated.

Fol de rol lol, &c.

M was a Muscle—cold, flabby, and red ;
 And N was a Nerve, like a bit of white thread.
 O was some Opium, a fool chose to take ;
 And P were the Pins used to keep him awake.

Fol de rol lol, &c.

(At this point of the ballad, Mr. Saxby, who has now entered the sleepy state, slips off his chair, and retires for the evening under the table.)

Q were the Quacks, who cure stammer and squint ;
R was a Raw from a burn, wrapp'd in lint ;
S was a Scalpel, to eat bread-and-cheese ;
And T was a Tourniquet, vessels to squeeze.
Fol de rol lol, &c.

U was the Unciform bone of the wrist ;
V was the Vein which a blunt lancet miss'd ;
W was Wax, from a syringe that flow'd ;
X, the Xaminers, who may be blow'd !
Fol de rol lol, &c.

Y stands for You all, with best wishes sincere ;
And Z for the Zanies who never touch beer.
So we've got to the end, not forgetting a letter,
And those who don't like it may grind up a better.
Fol de rol lol, &c.

This song is vociferously cheered, except by Mr. Rapp, who during its execution has been engaged in making an elaborate piece of basket-work out of wooden pipe-lights, which having arranged to his satisfaction, he sends scudding at the chairman's head ; but the chairman is not put out at all ; he arranges three black bottles, as if he was going to stand with his head on them, then puts the basket on the top of them, and having emptied all the lucifers in, sets fire to the pile, amongst the cheers of the company. The harmony proceeds, and with it, the desire to assist

in it, until they all sing different airs at once; and the lodger above, who has vainly endeavoured to get to sleep for the last three hours, gives up the attempt as hopeless, when he hears Mr. Man-hug called upon for the sixth time to do the cat and dog, saw the bit of wood, imitate Buckstone and Robson, sing his own version of "Bob Ridley," and accompany it with his elbows on the table, and laying great stress on the "Oh!"

The first symptom of approaching cerebral excitement from the action of liquid stimulants is perceived in Mr. Muff himself, who tries to cut some cold meat with the snuffers. Mr. Simpson, also a new man, who is looking very pale, rather overcome with the effects of his elementary screw in a first essay to perpetrate a pipe, petitions for the window to be let down, that the smoke, which you might divide with a knife, may escape more readily. The window is opened, and Mr. Simpson puts his head out, and keeps it out for some minutes: when he brings it back again, he seems as if a very great weight had been taken off his conscience, or his stomach. The draught is very great, and the window is closed; but Mr. Jones, who is tilting his chair back, again produces the desired effect, by overbalancing himself in the

middle of a comic medley, and causing a compound, comminuted, and irreducible fracture of three panes of glass, by tumbling through them. Hereat, the harmony experiences a temporary check, and all the half-and-half having disappeared, Mr. Muff finding there is no great probability of getting any more, (as the faithful Mary, who attends upon the seven different lodgers, has long since retired to rest in the turn-down bedstead of the back kitchen;) an adjournment is at once determined upon, and, collecting their hats and coats as they best may, Mr. Muff trying on his landlady's bonnet, the whole party, except Mr. Saxby, who remains to look after the empty bottles, tumble out into the streets at two o'clock in the morning.

“Whiz-z-z-z-z-t!” shouts Mr. Manhug, with a noise like that made by the first rocket at Cremorne, as they emerge into the cool air; “there goes a cat!” Upon the information a volley of hats follow the scared animal, none of which go within ten yards of it, except Mr. Rapp's, who, taking a bold aim, flings his own gossamer down the area, over the railings, as the cat jumps between them on to the water-butt, which is always her first leap in a hurried retreat. Whereupon Mr. Rapp goes

and rings the house-bell, that the domestics may return his property. After several violent assaults on it, not receiving an answer, and being assured of the absence of a policeman, he pulls the handle out as far as it will come, breaks it off, and puts it in Mr. Simpson's pocket, who is excessively surprised to find it there the next morning.

After this they run about the streets, crowing like cocks, braying like donkeys, and indulging in the usual buoyant recreations that innocent and happy minds so situated delight to follow, and are eventually separated by their flight from the police, from the safe plan they have adopted of all running different ways when pursued, to bother the crushers, with the exception of our friend Mr. Simpson, who, having evinced a spirit of indecision in running away, has dodged himself into the open arms of one of the force.

HOW MR. MUFF (L.A.C.) SPENT THE DAY AFTER HE PASSED.

THE morning after the carousal reported in our last chapter, the parties thereat assisting are dispersed in various parts of London. Did a modern Asmodeus take a spectator to any elevated point from which he could overlook the great metropolis of England just at this period, when Aurora has not long called the sun, who rises as surlily as if he had got out of bed the wrong way, he would see Mr. Rapp ruminating upon things in general whilst seated on some cabbages in Covent Garden market; Mr. Jones taking refreshment with a lamplighter and two cabmen at a promenade coffee-stand near Charing Cross, to whom he is giving a lecture upon the action of veratria in paralysis, jumbled somehow or other with frequent asseverations that he shall at all times be happy to see the aforesaid lamplighter and two cabmen, at the hospital, or his own lodgings, and promising them, when they come into the accident wards with broken legs, that he will look after their domestic comforts; Mr. Manhug, with a pocket-handkerchief

tied round his head, not clearly understanding what has become of his latch-key, but rather imagining that he threw it into a lamp instead of the short pipe which still remains in the pocket of his pea-jacket, and, moreover, finding himself close to London Bridge, is taking a gratuitous doze in the paddle-box cabin of the Boulogne steam-boat *Albion*, which he ascertains does not start until eight o'clock; whilst Mr. Simpson, the new man, still with the knocker in his pocket, with the usual destiny of such green productions—thirsty, nauseated, and “coming round”—is safely taken care of in one of the small, damp, cold, private unfurnished apartments which are let by the night on exceedingly moderate terms (an introduction by a policeman of known respectability being all the reference that is required) in the immediate neighbourhood of the Bow Street Police-office. Where Mr. Muff is, it is impossible to form the least idea; he may probably speak for himself.

The reader will now please to shift the time and place to two o'clock P.M. in the dissecting-room, which is full of students, comprising those we have just spoken of, except Mr. Simpson. A message has been received, that the anatomical teacher is unavoidably detained at an important

case in private practice, and cannot meet his class to-day. It is quite right that the professor should do this now and then ; he is respected more for it by the students, who think that he really has a patient. Hereupon there is much rejoicing amongst the pupils, who gather in a large semi-circle round the fireplace, and devise various amusing methods of passing the time. Some are for subscribing to buy a set of four-corners, to be played in the museum when the teachers are not there, and kept out of sight in an old coffin when they are not wanted. Others vote for getting up sixpenny sweepstakes, and raffling for them with dice—the winner of each to stand a pot out of his gains, and add to the goodly array of empty pewters which already grace the mantel-piece in bright order, with the exception of two irregulars, one of which Mr. Rapp has squeezed flat to show the power of his hand, and which in a few minutes renders the students assembled a most valuable service; and in the bottom of the other Mr. Manhug has bored a foramen with a red-hot poker, in a laudable attempt to warm the heavy that it contained, and which will now be run into a block, and sold at the rag-and-bone-shop opposite the public-house that it belongs to.

Two or three think they had better adjourn to the nearest slate-table and play a grand pool; and some more vote for tapping the preparations in the museum, and making the porter of the dissecting-room intoxicated with the grog manufactured from the proof spirit and some dark-brown brandy and sugar. The various arguments are, however, cut short by the entrance of Mr. Muff, who rushes into the room, followed by Mr. Simpson, flushed with victory, and, throwing off his Mackintosh cape, pitches a large fluttering mass of feathers into the middle of the circle.

A burst of joy comes from all the assembled students, for Mr. Muff is a great favourite, and Mr. Simpson, from the prominent part he took in the proceedings the night before, has risen in the estimation of all the frolicsome part of company.

"Halloa, Muff! how are you, my bean; and how's old Simpson? What's up?" is the general exclamation.

"Oh, here's a lark!" is all Mr. Muff's reply.

"Lark!" cries Mr. Rapp; "you're drunk, Muff—you don't mean to call that a lark!"

"It's a beautiful patriarchal old hen," returns Mr. Muff, "that I bottled as she was meandering

down the mews ; and now I vote we have her for lunch. Who's game to kill her ? ”

Various plans are immediately suggested, including cutting her head off, poisoning her with morphia, drowning her in the old tub sunk in the hospital garden to water the plants with, or shooting her with a little cannon Mr. Rapp has got in his locker ; but, at last, the majority decide upon hanging her. A gibbet is speedily prepared, simply consisting of a thigh-bone laid across two high stools ; a piece of whiplcord is then noosed round the victim's neck, the old pewter pot destroyed by Mr. Rapp is fastened to her legs to keep them down, and she is launched into eternity, as the newspapers say—Mr. Manhug attending to pull her down.

“ Depend upon it that's a humane death,” remarks Mr. Jones. “ I never tried to strangle a fowl but once, and then I twisted its neck bang off. I know a capital plan to finish cats, though.”

“ Throw it off—put it up—let's have it,” exclaim the circle.

“ Well, then ; you must get their necks in a slip-knot, and pull them up to a keyhole. They can't hurt you, you know, because you are the other side the door. You should not, however,

do it with your own door if it has just been painted and varnished, as sometimes, in their agonies, they describe any number of catherine-wheels on the panels."

"Oh, capital—quite a wrinkle," observes Mr. Muff. "But how do you catch them first?"

"Put a hamper outside the leads with some valerian in it, and a bit of cord tied to the lid. If you keep watch, you may bag half a dozen in no time, like sparrows are to be caught under a sieve during a deep snow; and strange cats are fair game for everybody—only, some of them are rum 'uns to bite."

At this moment a new Scotch pupil, who is lulling himself into the belief that he is studying anatomy from some sheep's eyes, by himself in the museum, that he has bought in the morning on his road to the hospital, and carried through the streets on a cabbage-leaf, enters the dissecting-room, and mildly asks the porter "what a heart is worth?"

"I don't know, sir," shouts Mr. Rapp; "it depends entirely upon what's trumps;" whereupon the new Scotch pupil retires to his study as if he was shot, followed by several pieces of cinder and tobacco-pipe.

During the preceding conversation, Mr. Muff cuts down the victim with a scalpel; and, finding that life has departed, commences to pluck it, and perform the usual *post-mortem* abdominal examinations attendant upon such occasions, ending the operation by singeing what feathers remain on it, with the preface and advertisements in Mr. Simpson's "Vade Mecum." Mr. Rapp undertakes to manufacture an extempore spit from the rather dilapidated umbrella of the new Scotch pupil, which he has heedlessly left in the dissecting-room. This being completed, with the assistance of some wire from the ribs of an old skeleton, that had hung in a corner of the room ever since it was built, the hen is put down to roast, presenting the most extraordinary specimen of trussing upon record. Mr. Jones undertakes to buy some butter at a shop behind the hospital; and Mr. Manhug, not being able to procure any flour, gets some starch from the cabinet of the lecturer on *Materia Medica*, by fishing it out with some dissecting-hooks through the brass wire netting that covers the panels of the cabinet, and powders it in a mortar which he borrows from the laboratory.

"To revert to cats," observes Mr. Manhug, as

he sits himself before the fire to superintend the cooking; "it strikes me we could contrive no end to fun if we each agreed to bring some here one day in carpet-bags. We could drive in plenty of dogs, and cocks, and hens, out of the back streets, and then let them all loose together in the dissecting-room."

"With a sprinkling of rats and ferrets," adds Mr. Rapp. "I know a man who can let us have as many as we want; he's brother to the party who is backed to catch more rats with his teeth, his hands being tied behind him, than any professor in the world. I saw him last year at his benefit swallow a mouse alive, after he had played bob-cherry darcy with it blindfolded for ten minutes. The skrimmage would be immense, only I shouldn't much care to stay and see it."

"Oh, that's nonsense," replies Mr. Muff. "Of course, we must get on the roof and look at it through the skylights. You may depend upon it, it would be the finest card we ever played."

How gratifying to every philanthropist must be these proofs of the elasticity of mind peculiar to a Medical Student! Surrounded by scenes of the most impressive and deplorable nature, in con-

stant association with death and contact with disease, his noble spirit, in the ardour of his search after professional information, still retains its buoyancy and freshness; and he wreaths with roses the hours which he passes in the dissecting-room, although the world in general looks upon it as a rather unlikely locality for those flowers to shed their perfume over!

“By the way, Muff, the last I saw of you last night was running down an alley with Simpson;—where did you get to after we all cut?” inquires Mr. Rapp.

“Why, that’s what I am rather anxious to find out myself,” replies Mr. Muff; “but I think I can collect tolerably good reminiscences of my travels.”

“Tell us all about it, then,” cry three or four.

“With pleasure—only let’s have in a little more beer; for the heat of the fire in cooking produces rather too rapid an evaporation of fluids from the surface of the body.”

“Oh, blow your physiology!” says Rapp. “You mean to say you’ve got a hot copper—so have I. Send for the precious balm, and then fire away.” The hospital porter is despatched,—he returns in a few minutes.

And accordingly, when the beer arrives, Mr. Muff proceeds with the recital of his wanderings.

Essential as sulphuric acid is to the ignition of the platinum in an hydropneumatic lamp, so is half-and-half to the proper illumination of a Medical Student's faculties. The Royal College of Surgeons, and the old gentlemen at the Apothecaries' Hall, may thunder, and the lecturers may threaten, but all to no effect; for, like the domestic cat carried several streets off from your lodgings in a basket and then turned out in a strange square, or the slippers in the Eastern story, however often the pots may be ordered away from the dissecting-room, somehow or other they always find their way back again with unflinching pertinacity. All the world inclined towards beer knows that the current price of a pot of half-and-half is fivepence; and by this standard the Medical Student fixes his expenses.

He says he has given four pots for a pair of dogskin gloves, and speaks of a half-crown as a six-pot piece.

Mr. Muff takes the goodly measure in his hand, and decapitating its "spuma" with his pipe, from which he flings it into Mr. Simpson's face, intend-

ing it, as he says with an apology, for the face of the studious Scotchman, who has just come in to borrow a pencil,—indulges in a prolonged drain, and commences his narrative, most probably in the following manner :—

“ You know we should all have got on very well if Rapp hadn’t been such a fool as to pull away the lanterns from the place where they are putting down the new pavement in the Strand, and, carrying one over his shoulder and screaming out ‘ Half-past nine and a cloudy night,’—it was half-past four and a very bright morning,—swear he was a watchman. I thought the crusher saw us, and so I got ready for a bolt, when Manhug said the stones had no right to obstruct the foot-path ; and shoving down a whole wall of them into the street, voted for stopping to play at *duck* with them. Whilst he was trying how many he could pitch across the Strand against the shutters opposite, down came the *pewlice* and off we cut.”

“ I had a tight squeak for it,” interrupts Mr. Rapp ; “ but I beat them at last in the dark of the Durham-street arch. That’s a dodge worth being up to when you get into a row near the Adelphi ; it’s not a bad place to sleep in on a wet

night, if you are not over particular about the other lodgers. Fire away, Muff—where did you go?”

“Right up a court to Maiden Lane, in the hope of bolting into the Cider-cellars. But they were all shut up, and the fire out in the kitchen; so I ran on through a lot of alleys and back-slums, until I got somewhere in St. Giles’s, and here I took a cab.”

“Why, you hadn’t got an atom of tin when you left us,” says Mr. Manhug.

“Devil a bit did that signify. You know I only took the *cab*—I’d nothing at all to do with the driver; he was all right in the gin-shop near the stand, I suppose; perhaps gone to sleep in the parlour. I got on the box, and drove about for my own diversion—I don’t exactly know where; but I couldn’t leave the cab, as there was always a crusher in the way when I stopped; at last I thought I’d go to that hotel in Covent Garden where country cousins are invited to, and would leave it with the porter who sits up all night;—but, on my road there, as I fancied, I found myself at the large gate of New Square, Lincoln’s Inn; so I knocked until the porter opened it, and drove in as straight as I could. When I got

to the corner of the square, by No. 7, I pulled up, and, tumbling off my perch, walked quietly along to the Portugal-street wicket. Here the other porter let me out, and I found myself in Lincoln's-Inn Fields."

"And what became of the cab?" asks Mr. Jones.

"How should I know!—it was no affair of mine. I dare say the horse made it right; it didn't matter to him whether he was standing in St. Giles's or Lincoln's Inn, only the last was the most respectable, and he hadn't the same chance at that time of the morning, and without a driver, of having to take a fare to Bayswater, as if he'd been on the regular stand."

"I don't see that," says Mr. Manhug, refilling his pipe.

"Why, all the thieves in London live in St. Giles's."

"Well, and who lives in Lincoln's Inn?"

"Pshaw! that's all worn out. Now none of your stale old jokes here, or I won't go on," continues Muff. "I got to the College of Surgeons, and had a good mind to scud some oyster-shells through the windows, only there were several people about—fellows coming home to chambers,

and the like; so I pattered on until I found myself in Drury Lane, close to a coffee-shop that was open. Just as I reached the door, a ginger-beer bottle came through the window into the street; I looked in by the hole it had made in the pane of glass, and there I saw such a jolly row!"

Mr. Muff utters this last sentence in the same ecstatic accents of admiration with which we speak of a lovely woman or a magnificent view.

"What was it about?" eagerly demanded the rest of the circle.

"Why, just as I got in, a gentleman of a vivacious turn of mind, who was taking an early breakfast, had shied a soft-boiled egg at the gas-light, which didn't hit it, of course, but flew across the tops of the boxes, and broke upon a lady's head—quite a lady, dressed in the first fashion."

"What a mess it must have made!" interposes Mr. Manhug; "coffee-shop eggs are always so very albuminous."

"Once I found some feathers in one, and a fœtal chick," observes Mr. Rapp.

"Knock that down for a good one!" says Mr. Jones, taking the poker and striking three distinct

blows on the mantel-piece, the last of which breaks off the corner, which is thrown after the Scotchman, who is just going out at the door, and hits him on the heel. "Well, what did the lady do?"

"Commenced kicking up an extensive shindy, something between crying, coughing, and abusing; until somebody in a fustian coat, addressing the assailant, said, 'he was no gentleman, whoever he was, to throw eggs at a woman; and that if he'd come out he'd pretty soon butter his crumpets on both sides for him, and give him pepper for nothing.' The master of the coffee-shop now came forward, and said 'he wasn't a-going to have no uproar in his house, which was very respectable, and always used by the first of company; that he thought they were all no better than they ought to be, when they came in out of the street, and that he had ordered the waiter not to give them any more toast if they asked for it, and if they wanted to quarrel, they might fight it out on the pavement.'

"Whereupon they all began to barge the master at once; one saying 'his coffee was all snuff and chickweed,' or something of the kind; whilst the other told him 'he looked as measly as a mouldy muffin;' and then all of a sudden a lot of half-pint

cups, egg-shells, mutton-chop bones, and pewter spoons flew up in the air, and the three men began an indiscriminate battle all to themselves in one of the boxes, 'fighting quite permiscus,' as the lady properly observed. I think the landlord was worst off, though; for they upset the saltcellars into his hair, and he got a very queer wipe across the face from the handle of his own toasting-fork."

There was a general roar of delight after this speech, when Mr. Manhug said,—

"And what did you do, Muff?"

"Ah! that was the finishing card of all. I put the gas out, broke all the lamp-shades within the reach of my stick, and was walking off as quietly as could be, when some policemen who heard the row outside, met me at the door, and wouldn't let me pass. I said I would, and they said I should not, until we came to scuffling; and then one of them, calling to some more, told them to take me to Bow Street, which they did; but I made them carry me, though, on a shutter they had to borrow from the coffee-house keeper. When I got into the office, they had not any especial charge to make against me, and the old bird behind the partition, after giving me a dull

piece of advice about my future behaviour in the streets, said I might go about my business ; but, as ill-luck would have it, another of the unboiled ones recognized me as one of the party who had upset the wall of stones in the Strand : he knew me again by my rough coat."

"And what did they do to you ? "

"Marched me across the yard, and locked me up ; when, to my great consolation in my affliction, I found Simpson, crying and twisting up his pocket-handkerchief as if he was wringing it ; and hoping his friends would not hear of his disgrace through the *Plymouth Herald*, the report being copied from the *Times*."

"What a love you are, Simpson ! " observes Mr. Jones patronizingly. "Why, how the deuce could they, if you gave a proper name ? I hope you called yourself James Edwards—or you should have given them one of the Scotchman's cards."

Mr. Simpson blushes, blows his nose, mutters something about his own card-case and telling an untruth, which excites much merriment ; and Mr. Muff proceeds :—

"The beak wasn't such a bad fellow, after all, when we went up in the morning ; and as there was rather a sporting lot of cases coming on, I

saw that he was in a hurry, so I said I was ashamed to confess we were both disgracefully intoxicated, and that I would take great care nothing of the same humiliating nature should occur again; whereupon we were fined twelve pots each, and I tossed sudden death with Simpson which should pay both. He lost, and paid down the dibs. We came away, rushed to the old barber's at the corner; I treated Simpson to a shave and a wash, and here we are.'

The mirth proceeds, and, ere long, gives place to harmony; and when the cookery is finished, the bird is speedily converted into an anatomical preparation, albeit her interarticular cartilages are somewhat tough, and her lateral ligaments apparently composed of a substance between leather and caoutchouc. Mr. Manhug starts in search of some squibs—he soon returns, and, as afternoon advances, the porter of the dissecting-room finds them performing an incantation dance round Mr. Muff, who, with his face black with soot, seated on a stool placed upon two of the trestles, is rattling some halfpence in a skull, accompanied by Mr. Rapp, who is performing a difficult concerto on an extempore instrument of his own invention, composed of the identical thigh-bone that assisted to hang Mr.

Muff's patriarchal old hen, and the Scotchman's hat, who is still grinding in the museum, and to whom Mr. Muff now repairs, to give him, as he says, some useful hints about his examination. When Mr. Muff enters the room, the Scotchman bows timidly, and congratulates him on his success of the previous evening, to which Mr. Muff, not quite understanding what his success had been, says that he never had so much fun with a night's lodging for five shillings, or, rather, for nothing, as Mr. Simpson went up, tossed, and lost. The Scotchman hardly understands this remark, and it is not until he has expressed surprise that a first-year's man could go up for examination, that Mr. Muff finds his success refers to his having passed the Hall. Our friend then inquires the nature of the questions he had put to him, and Mr. Muff says he has written down some of them for the benefit of hard-working men at the hospital, and he will lend him the notes to copy out. He then puts an old envelope down on the table, and, wishing the Scotchman good luck with his sheep's eyes, he sets off to join his companions at a quiet game of pool just round the corner. It is a well-known fact that the favourite public-house for medical students is just round the corner, while the one

most used by theatrical parties is always "over the way." After Mr. Muff has departed, the hard-working student gets out his large note-book and begins to copy down the valuable information which Mr. Muff has so kindly lent him to assist him in his studies. He finds that the first question he had was, what complaints children suffered most from during their holidays? He reads Mr. Muff's answer, or, rather, he copies it down at once. It runs thus:—

"Children home for the holidays will be likely to have small-pox or measles. In these diseases the cold-water cure is very efficacious; put your child, therefore, under a pump, which you will probably find tantamount to putting him under an apothecary."

Mr. MacFarlane thinks this seems rather odd treatment; but, knowing the authority from whence it comes, he respects it, and continues with the next question, which is the treatment of lumbago. "For lumbago.—Take of common stinging nettles several handfuls, which apply to the region of the loins, buttoning up the trousers for the space of one hour. Afterwards put on a poultice of quick-lime and cantharides, to be worn for twenty-five minutes. Dress the part subsequently with dis-

tilled vinegar." At the end of this note Mr. Muff has made a remark in red ink, to the effect that the examiners were so pleased with his ready answer, that they should accord him two hundred good marks for his very lucid description of the treatment of this painful disease.

The following question is answered with equal readiness: it ran thus:—"How is caries in a tooth detected, and what is the radical cure?"—"Caries is detected in several simple ways. By holding boiling water in the mouth until some runs into the hole of a back molar, when the oath that follows shows that the tooth is not sound; also, by keeping a penny ice over the part affected, and by biting suddenly on a stone in a plum bun, or a shot in a jugged hare. The radical cure is simple, and may be described thus:—

"Rush to May's Buildings. Bolt into the first, second, third, or fourth door on the right or left, and throw yourself back into a chair. Keep your mouth open, but take care to hold your jaw in a convenient position. An individual will now come to your aid with a small instrument. Wrench, crunch, smash, crash, and you have got rid of the toothache."

The fertile brains of the examiners now turn

towards hydrophobia, and here Mr. Muff seems particularly to have distinguished himself; for, by a note, again he says, that so pleased were the gentlemen with him this time, that one of them said he should not be surprised if Mr. Muff gained the gold medal for the Hunterian oration next year. His answer was:—

“Against the regular disease there are several good antidotes. The following prescription will answer as well as any :—Take of prussic acid four ounces; of extract of deadly nightshade and extract of aconite, half an ounce; of arsenic, in powder, an ounce and a half: mix and drink down at one gulp. In a few seconds the hydrophobia will be at an end.”

At this period, the hospital-porter, finding that all the students have left the dissecting-room, and even the garden, and he being busy at his house cleaning some bones of the head, to go under a glass-case in the museum, thinks it is not worth keeping the establishment open for Mr. MacFarlane only (who would stop and grind over the preparations as long as he could see), so tells that gentleman that he must lock up now, as he has to attend one of the Professors at his house.

OF GRINDING FOR THE COLLEGE.

OUR hero once more undergoes the process of grinding before he presents himself, and leaves his name with Mr. Trimmer, to lay before Mr. Belfour, at the College of Surgeons in Lincoln's-Inn Fields. Almost the last affair which our friend troubles himself about is the examination at the College of Surgeons ; and as his anatomical knowledge requires a little polishing before he presents himself before the Examining board, he once more undergoes the process of grinding.

The grinder for the College conducts his tuition in the same style as the grinder for the Hall ; often they are united in the same individual, who perpetually advertises in the medical papers that he has a vacancy for a resident pupil, although his house is already quite full,—somewhat resembling a carpet-bag, which was never yet known to be so crammed with articles but you might put something else in, especially down the sides, and even then, when to all appearance it is quite tight, a slight pressure with the foot, holding on with the two handles, always causes an

extra space. The class is carried on similar to the one we have already quoted; but the knowledge required does not embrace the same multiplicity of subjects, anatomy and surgery being the principal points.

Our old friends are assembled to prepare for their last examination, and with them the Scotchman, who has come as a visitor at Mr. Muff's invitation. They are in a room fragrant with the amalgamated odours of stale tobacco-smoke, varnished bones, leaky preparations, and gin-and-water. Large anatomical prints depend from the walls; a square black board hangs at the back of the Professor, on which there is a tracing, done in red, blue, and white chalk, of the femoral artery, accompanied by its nerve and vein; and a few vertebræ, a lower jaw, and a sphenoid bone, are scattered upon the table.

"To return to the eye, gentlemen," says the grinder, "you now understand why the Albinos that you see in shows at the fairs, and, for the same reason, why the white rabbits have red eyes; also, recollect the Petition canal surrounds the cornea. Mr. Rapp, what am I talking about?"

Mr. Rapp, who is drawing a little man out of dots and lines upon the margin of his "Quain's

Anatomy," starts up, and observes,—“Something about the Paddington Canal running round a corner, sir.”

“Now, Mr. Rapp, you must pay me a little more attention,” expostulates the teacher. “Be a little careful about the next answer that you give me, for I know many a man who has been plucked on this question ; I remember three were on one night last season. “What does the operation for cataract resemble in a familiar point of view ?”

“Pushing a boat-hook through the wall of a house to pull back the drawing-room blinds,” answers Mr. Rapp.

“You are incorrigible,” says the teacher, smiling at the simile, which altogether is an apt one. “Did you ever see a case of bad cataract ?”

“Yes, sir, ever so long ago—the cataract of the Ganges at Astley’s ; it was one night after four of our men had passed the Hall. We all came down in a cab, with three other friends, at twopence a head and a glass of gin-and-water, and then went to the gallery, and had a mill with——”

“There, we don’t want particulars,” interrupts the grinder ; “but I would recommend you to

mind your eyes, especially if you get under Arnott. Mr. Muff, how do you define an ulcer?"

"The establishment of a raw," replies Mr. Muff.

"Tit! tit! tit!" continues the teacher, with an expression of pity. "Mr. Simpson, perhaps you can tell Mr. Muff what an ulcer is?"

"An abrasion of the cuticle produced by its own absorption," answers Mr. Simpson, all in a breath.

"Ah! that is something like an answer, Mr. Simpson," says the professor; "Mr. Muff must feel rather abashed."

"Well, I maintain it's easier to say a *raw* than all that," observes Mr. Muff.

"Pray, silence. Mr. Manhug, have you ever been sent for to a bad incised wound?"

"Yes, sir. Some years ago a perfect gentleman came into our village, and having got deeply in debt with all the people in the place, he cut his stick: this was the worst incised wound I ever saw."

"Now, Mr. Manhug, I shall repeat my question, sir, until I receive from you a proper answer," observes the grinder, with some warmth. "Have you ever been sent for to a bad incised wound?"

"Yes, sir, when I was an apprentice: a man using a chopper cut off his hand."

"And what did you do?"

"Cut off myself for the governor, like a two-year old, knocking down the butcher's wife on my road, and giving her concussion on the brain."

"But now you have no governor, what plan would you pursue in a similar case?"

"Send for you, sir, or Simpson."

"But suppose you couldn't send for me, and that Mr. Simpson was in India?"

"Send for the nearest doctor—call him in."

"Yes, yes; but suppose he wouldn't come?"

"Call him out, sir."

"Pshaw, you are all quite children," exclaims the teacher. "Mr. Simpson, of what is bone chemically composed?"

"We find that bone is chemically composed of earthy matter, or *phosphate of lime*, and animal matter, or *gelatine*," observes Mr. Simpson, as if he had been reading it from a vade-mecum.

"Very good, Mr. Simpson. I suppose you don't know a great deal about bones, Mr. Rapp?"

"Not much, sir. I haven't been a great deal in that line. They give a penny for three pounds

in Clare Market. That's what I call popular osteology."

"Gelatine enters largely into the animal fibres," says the leader, gravely. "Parchment, or skin, contains an important quantity, and is used by cheap pastry-cooks and penny ice manufacturers, to make jellies."

"Well, I've heard of eating your *words*," says Mr. Rapp, "but never your *deeds*."

"Oh! oh! oh!" groan the pupils at this gross appropriation, and the class, getting very unruly, is broken up. The professor is heard growling about more attention being absolutely necessary, which remark Mr. Simpson and the Scotchman agree to. Mr. Muff goes to the small wooden bowl that the pieces of coloured chalk live in, and taking the red in one hand and the blue in the other, he stands by the door and marks the students on the back, so that, as he says, it may be seen to what pen, or hospital, the sheep belong.

The examination at the College is altogether a more respectable ordeal than the jalap and rhubarb botheration at Apothecaries' Hall, and, *par conséquence*, Mr. Muff, having had his name down for three weeks, goes up one evening with little misgivings as to his success. After undergoing four

different sets of examiners, and feeling that he has made no terrible mistake during the four different quarters of the hour he has been before them, he is told he may retire, and is conducted by Mr. Belfour, or by Mr. Trimmer, as the case may be, into "Paradise," the room appropriated to the fortunate ones, which the curious stranger may see lighted up every Friday evening as he passes through Lincoln's-inn Fields. The inquisitors are altogether a gentlemanly set of men, who are willing to help a student out of a scrape, rather than "catch question" him into one: nay, more than once the candidate has attributed his success to a whisper prompted by the kind heart of the venerable and highly-gifted individual—now, alas! no more—who, until a few years, assisted at the examinations.

Of course, the same kind of scene takes place that was enacted after going up to the Hall, and with the same results, except the police-office, which they manage to avoid. Mr. Simpson, having been the feeblest of the party on the first evening's entertainment, determines to drag Mr. MacFarlane into the vortex; but he is cannie, and manages to be at nine o'clock lecture the following morning. The next day, as usual, they are

again at the school, standing innumerable pots, telling incalculable lies, and singing uncounted choruses, until the Scotch pupil, who is still grinding in the museum, is forced to give over study, after having been squirted at through the keyhole five distinct times, with a reverse stomach-pump full of beer, the garden-engine playing on him all the time from a broken pane in the skylight, which adds much to the work of the hospital porter next day, who finds all the chenille round the glass cases that contain the wax preparations soaked with half-and-half.

The lecturer upon chemistry, who has a private pupil in his laboratory that comes for an hour a day, after the unruly students have left, to learn how to discover arsenic in poisoned people's stomachs, where there is none, and make red, blue, and green fires, finds himself and his pupil locked in, and is obliged to get out at the window; and this, generally an easy job, as there is always a ladder against the wall, is now rendered a difficult one, the ladder having been taken away by the thoughtful Mr. Rapp, after he had turned the key: he, however, manages to place his short steps on the garden roller, and descends safely; but the pupil is less happy in his journey, for

when he has left the window and is on the top step, the roller moves, and he falls into the old tub that is sunk in the garden, and always kept filled with water to supply the tank of the macerating tub.

During this charming scene, the professor of medicine, who is holding forth, as usual, to a select very few, has his lecture upon intermittent fever so strangely interrupted by distant harmony and convivial hullaballo, that at the end of an attack on his door with pieces of brickbat, thrown in through the window from the garden, he finishes abruptly in a pet, to the great joy of his class. But Mr. Muff and his friends care not. They have passed all their troubles—they are regular medical men—they may write M.R.C.S.E. and L.A.C. at the end of their names, and, for aught they care, the whole establishment may blow up, tumble down, go to blazes, or anything else in a small way that may completely obliterate it. In another twelve hours they have departed to their homes, owing a small balance still for lodgings, which they will send up by a post-office order, and are only spoken of in the reverence with which we regard the ruins of a by-gone edifice, as bricks who were.

Our task is finished. We have traced Mr. Muff

from the new man through the almost entomological stages of his being, to his perfect state ; and we take our farewell of him as the “ general practitioner.” We trust his practice will not be in the country, where, if it is, he must suffer all the miseries, want of appreciation, and disappointments that every country medical man meets with. In our Physiology, we have endeavoured to show the medical student as he actually exists—his reckless gaiety, his wild frolics, his open disposition.

That he is careless and dissipated we admit, but these attributes end with his pupilage ; did they not do so spontaneously, the up-hill struggles and hardly-earned income of his laborious future career would, to use his own terms, “ soon knock it all out of him ;” although, in the after-waste of years, he looks back upon his student’s revelries with an occasional return of old feelings, not unmixed, however, sometimes with a passing reflection upon the inefficacy of the present course of medical education pursued at our schools and hospitals, to fit a man for future practice, in the same spirit that every boy, when he grows up and begins to mix with the world, deeply regrets the time he has wasted on his Latin and Greek, and

wishes he could change his knowledge of those two languages for German and French.

We have endeavoured in our sketches so to frame them, that the general reader might not be perplexed by technical or local allusions; for there is nothing so boring as a man writing you a long letter from India, and calling everything in it by its Indian name; at the same time, we are sure that the students of London saw they were the work of one who had lived amongst them. And if in some places we have strayed from the strict boundaries of perfect refinement, yet we trust the delicacy of our most sensitive reader has received no wound. We have discarded our joke rather than lose our propriety; and we feel ourselves quite certain that in more than one family circle our Physiology may now and then raise a smile on the lips of the fair girls whose brothers are following the same path we have travelled over at the hospitals.

In conclusion, we offer our hands in warm fellowship to all the Profession. To those who have not passed, we trust that they may get through all right on the eventful evenings that their names are down for at the Hall and at the College. To those in practice we wish plenty of patients, not much

night work, and no bad debts. To those who have left their practices, and retired on the profits (a very small class, we fear), that the remainder of their years may be spent in all that calm content and perfect happiness which their past good lives have entitled them to: and with this we say, adieu.

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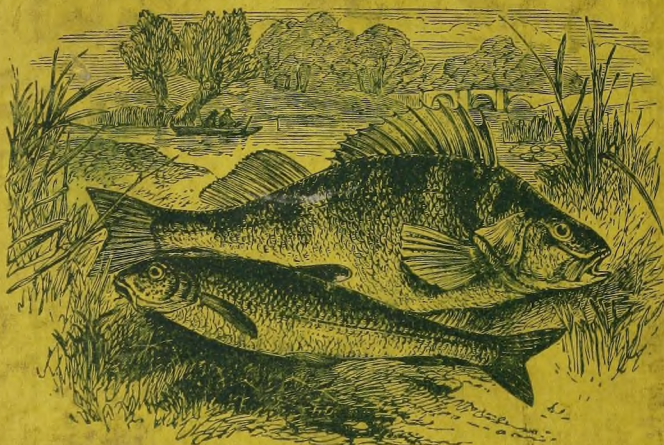
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